Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 59.—Vol. V. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, January 18, 1905 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

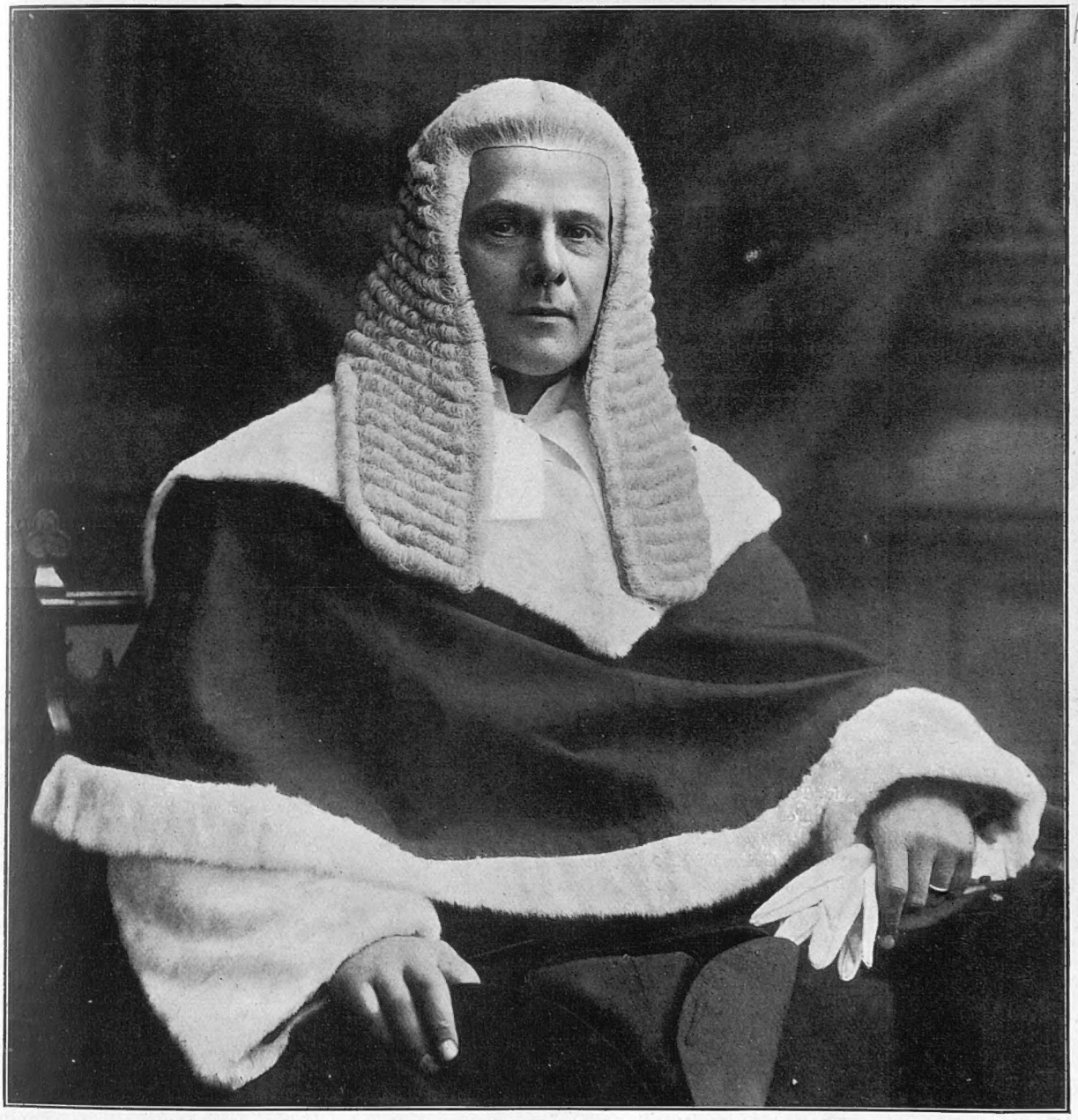

Photo by *Vandyke*

Mr. Justice Bucknill

Who had the misfortune to break two ribs, as the result of a bad fall, while hunting in Selsdon Park, near Croydon

No. 59.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"Strained Allegiance." By R. H. Forster. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Face in the Flashlight." By Florence Warden. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Song of a Single Note." By Amelia E. Barr. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Lord of Himself." By Mrs. Aylmer Gowing. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Provincials." By Lady Helen Forbes. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Olive Kinsella." By Curtis Yorke. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Heart of My Heart." By Ellis Roberts. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Told at Twilight." By Nicholas Everitt. With Forty-six Illustrations by A. J. Munnings. (Everett: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Royal and Historic Gloves and Shoes." Illustrated and described by W. B. Redfern. With coloured Illustrations. (£2 2*s.* net.)

"Beautiful Garden Flowers for Town and Country." By John Weathers. With Thirty-three full-page coloured plates. (Simpkin Marshall: 6*s.*)

"Cairo of To-day." A Practical Guide by E. A. Reynolds-Ball. (A. and C. Black: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

We have received the following reprints of the Poets in the Muses Library. Bound in blue cloth. (Routledge: 1*s.* net each volume):

"Poems of Thomas Carew." Edited by Arthur Vincent. 1 vol.

"Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist." Edited by E. K. Chambers. 2 vols.

"Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Edited by Sir Richard Garnett. 1 vol.

"Poems of Edmund Waller." Edited by G. Thorn Drury. 2 vols.

"Poems of William Browne, of Tavistock." Edited by Gordon Goodwin. 2 vols.

"Poems of John Gay." Edited by John Underhill. 2 vols.

"Poems of William Drummond, of Hawthornden." Edited by W. C. Ward. 2 vols.

"Poems of John Donne." Edited by E. K. Chambers. 2 vols.

"Poems and Satires of Andrew Marvell." Edited by G. A. Aitken. 2 vols.

"Poems of John Keats." Edited by G. Thorn Drury. 2 vols.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume IV. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, January 18, 1905

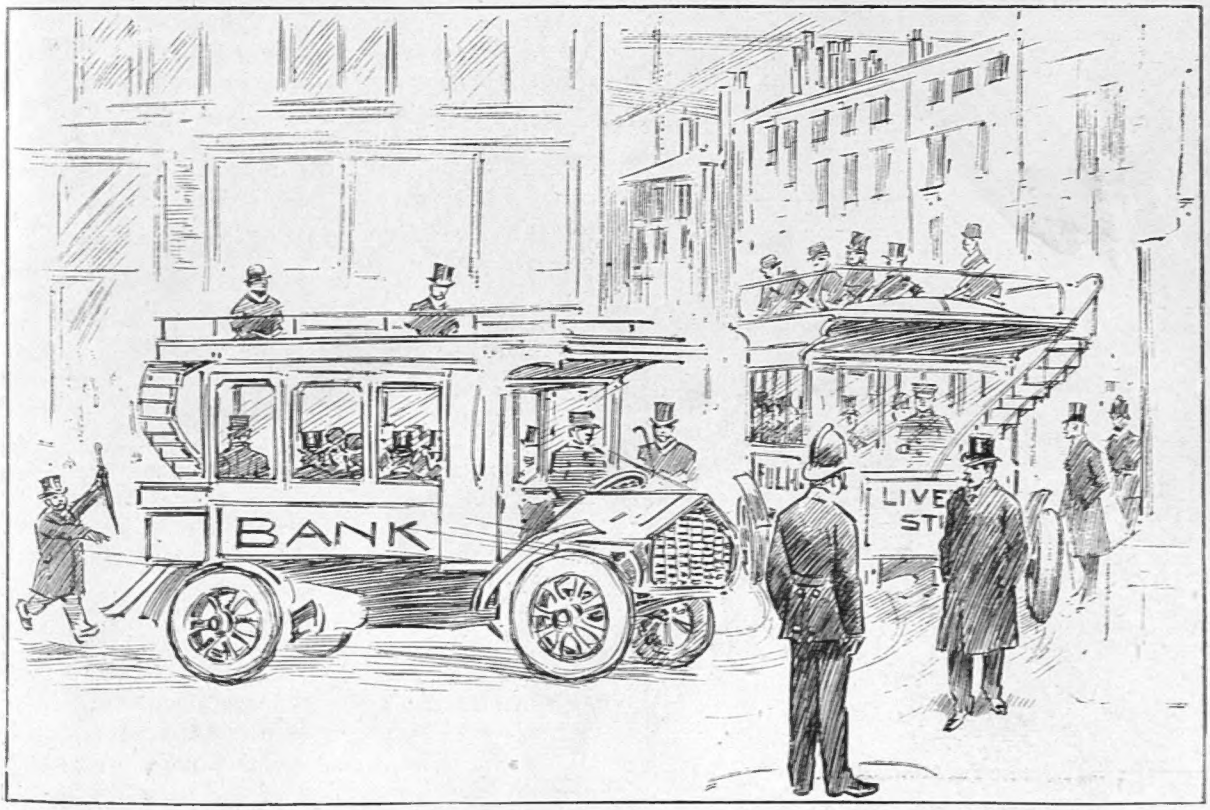
Londoners have not for long heard such good news as the announcement published last week of the new motor 'buses to be put on the streets at once. Their advent will cause a revolution in passenger traffic.

* * *

There is no conceivable means of travelling a short distance so convenient as by omnibus were it not for the fact that we cannot afford the tremendous waste of time an omnibus journey involves. The horses hardly move beyond a walking pace, and the stops are long and frequent. Yet, even with these drawbacks, the omnibus companies have paid substantial dividends in the past. With fast-running motors, hansom cabs will be at a discount; the Underground Railway, which has already tired out the patience of its patrons, will feel the competition keenly; and instead of an outing being a penance, as at present, it will really be a pleasure—and a cheap one.

* * *

In this week's *Truth* there is a very long and carefully reasoned article on the subject of the young man Edalji, who, it will be remembered, was sentenced a few months ago to seven years' penal servitude in connection with the Great Wyrley outrages on cattle. Mr. Labouchere makes out a very strong case against the police, and, in view of the disclosures made in the Beck case, it causes one to feel suspicious, to say the least of it, of the methods the police adopted to obtain the conviction of this young man. The evidence offered was of the flimsiest, and, even then, everything the police swore to was denied by Edalji's parents. According to *Truth*, the opinion of the



ARE WE NEARING THE MILLENNIUM?

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

letter-writing expert, Mr. Gurrin, was also accepted as weighty evidence of Edalji's guilt. When one remembers that this same gentleman was equally sure of Beck's handwriting, additional impetus is given to the demand that this case should be re-opened.

* * *

The papers have been very full recently of a new "revivalist mission" which is to visit benighted London before very long. Revivalism is in the air, and, though invariably attended with an unhealthy amount of hysteria, it has its good results. The Americans who are going to open a mission, headed by a Dr. Torrey, have the commercial aspects of the enterprise well before them. The Torrey-Alexander Great United Mission is, apparently, one of those itinerant "Shows" on a par with the Camberwell Cake-Walk Revivalists, only, perhaps, more subtly stage-managed. Dr. Torrey, taking time by the forelock, intends to invade London on the strength of the present movement in religious circles.

* * *

If enterprising advance management can do any good, Dr. Torrey's "mission" at the Albert Hall ought to be very successful. He has managed to attract to his banner some titled ladies, and he has been able to occupy large spaces in the daily papers. He is described in his own pamphlet as "an American without Americanisms," while his associate in the business—a Mr. Alexander—who looks to the music side, is "an unique personality" who was "created for music." "Every chord in the man's soul," continues the pamphlet, "is a harp-string tuned to a noble key."

* * *

Of course, if people are inclined to attend this mission, and to pay for the privilege—the pamphlet says, "a silver collection will be made in the grand tiers"—or to sing their "Glory Song," which, we learn, is known in technical mission circles as "The Glory Special"—well, let them. If, too, ladies like Lady Kinnaird and Lady Wimborne like to patronise this kind of "revival," it is their own business. But what we resent is the attitude this Dr. Torrey adopts in order to advertise himself. He is reported to have given vent to some expressions of opinion which are as offensive as any Dr. Dowie ever had the audacity to declare. Among other things, Dr. Torrey has laid his ban on dancing. He says that the idea of a strange man's arm round his wife's waist is repulsive to him. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* But far worse is his allusion to the stage. He would rather see his daughter in her grave than have her a play-actress! A train of thought of this nature is repulsive to the average Englishman. We predict, however, that, in spite of the vast amount of advertising this American Revivalist Mission has obtained, it will defeat its own ends. For remarks of the nature we have described have a knack of recoiling forcibly on the heads of those who utter them.

The cruise of the 'Veronique"

(Will Earl Fitzwilliam's treasure-seeking cruise start a new Society craze?)

Greedy Father Neptune!

(A quarter of a million tons of chalk cliff subsided into the sea at St. Margaret's Bay)

* * *

In our issue of January 4, we published a photograph of the Hon. Harry Lawson, the new Conservative Member for Mile End, and, in the accompanying letterpress, said the following: "His (Mr. Lawson's) real patronymic is Levy, but he has embraced the faith of the Church of England, as well as choosing a new name." Lest our readers may have been misled by the statement to believe that Mr. Lawson changed his name and also his religion, we feel it right to correct the impression. In 1857, his father, Lord Burnham, whose name was Levy, took the name of Lawson by Royal license. Mr. Harry Lawson was born a member of the Church of England, both his father and his mother (who was a Miss Webster) being members of that Church. We have pleasure in giving publicity to these corrections, for we should be the last to wish to publish anything detrimental to Mr. Lawson.

THE SHOCKING LIVES WE LEAD

(As seen by an American "Revivalist," Dr. Torrey, who is going to convert us from the error of our ways)

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Lord Milner's Successor

It has been widely rumoured, though the fact has not been officially confirmed yet, that Mr. J. W. Lowther is to be appointed by the Government as successor to Lord Milner, who is shortly to retire. Many names have been bandied round as Lord Milner's successor, but it is tolerably certain that none of the political prophets had singled out Mr. Lowther as a likely High Commissioner for South Africa. Yet, as Chairman of Ways and Means Committee and Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Lowther has given evidence of great tact. If there is one attribute more than another which it is necessary for Lord Milner's successor to have, it is tact, so in that particular, at least, Mr. Lowther would be a good choice. He was educated at Eton, King's College, London, and Trinity, Cambridge, and among the many public appointments he has filled is that of the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. He is forty-nine years of age.

The late Louise Michel

One of the most ardent of French revolutionaries, and a famous figure during the Paris Commune

Louise Michel

The late Louise Michel belonged to a type of womanhood such as England has never had cause to know, though at the present time Russia possesses not a few among the students at her Universities. Born in 1833, Louise Michel, from her earliest days, was an ardent Republican and independent thinker. As a woman, she seems almost impossible to those who read only of her tireless energy and undaunted courage behind the barricades in the days of the Commune, when she fought, musket in

Photo by **The Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P.** [*Elliott and Fry*

Whose name has been freely mentioned in connection with the choice of a successor to Lord Milner in Africa

Louise Michel, Revolutionist—and Woman

hand, in the forefront of the men. Her advanced ideas and her impatience of restraint made her a leading force among the more active revolutionaries and for her share in the Commune, and also for incendiarism, she was sent over seas to the French convict settlement of New Caledonia. Among her companions was M. Henri Rochefort, whose irrepressible spirit is still unconquered, and who even now upholds his opinions with the same vigour as of old in the columns of *L'Intransigeant*, a Paris daily paper. Underlying all the ardour which sprang from intense devotion to her cause, Louise Michel possessed a sympathetic heart, and it is said that during her exile to the convict settlement as a political prisoner she was the constant nurse of those who were less able than herself to withstand the rigours of prison discipline. Her woman's heart also showed itself in her love for animals, and in her reminiscences she tells how, during the heavy fire of the street fighting, she unselfishly imperilled her own life to save the life of a cat.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mrs. Gervase Becket and her little daughter.

Mrs. Gervase Becket

Mrs. Gervase Becket, the wife of a member of the well-known banking firm, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rupert Becket, another noted beauty, are known among their friends as "The Perfect Saint" and "Vanity Fair," suggestive appellations which hit off their distinguishing characteristics to a nicety. Mrs. Gervase Becket is the only daughter of Muriel, Lady Helmsley, and it will be remembered that her brother was married to Lady Marjorie Greville in the early part of last year. Mrs. Gervase Becket is a great favourite with her aunt, Lady Londonderry, who frequently includes her in her delightful house parties. She is the proud mother

Princess Henry of Battenberg and her son and daughter, Prince Albert and Princess Ena, in a 24 h.-p. Daimler

Personalities at Preston

of two lovely girls, Marion and Cynthia, the elder being only eight years old.

Princess Henry of Battenberg

The Empress Eugénie has been receiving many visitors during her residence at Farnborough Hill. Before the departure of the Empress for the Riviera she will be visited for a few days by Princess Henry of Battenberg and her daughter, Princess Ena. The friendship between the Empress Eugénie and Princess Henry of Battenberg is one of long standing, Princess Ena, who bears Eugénie as one of her names, making frequent visits to her godmother at the Villa Cyrnos in the Riviera.

Mr. Chamberlain at Preston

Mr. Chamberlain still continues his "fretful stir unprofitable," and, in his recent speech at Preston, put forward his case for Protection with the same old vigour and with the same old arguments. There was this difference in tone however, that he indulged in personalities rather more freely. Mr. Chamberlain is a past master in personal polemics, and there are few men in the House who can score off him in this respect, though "Tommy" Bowles is among that few, which might also include Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil.

Mr. Justice Bucknill

General sympathy was expressed at the opening of the Courts towards the subject of our frontispiece this week, the popular Mr. Justice Bucknill, who met with a nasty fall while hunting in Selsdon Park, as the result of which he sustained two broken ribs and a slight concussion. Mr. Justice Bucknill's Court manner, if it may so be termed, makes him a general favourite with counsel, witnesses, and all who are brought into contact with him. He is by no means a gentle judge when occasion arises for the display of righteous wrath, but he possesses in a rare degree the faculty of meeting petty irritations with a smile, which can only be described as charming. It is quite edifying, too, to note the patience he exercises with a stupid, but well-meaning witness.

Lady Eglinton

Another victim of the Chase is Lady Eglinton, who fractured her arm rather badly when out hunting the other day with the Eglinton, at Rowallan. Lord and Lady Eglinton spend the greater part of their time in the country, where they are very popular with their

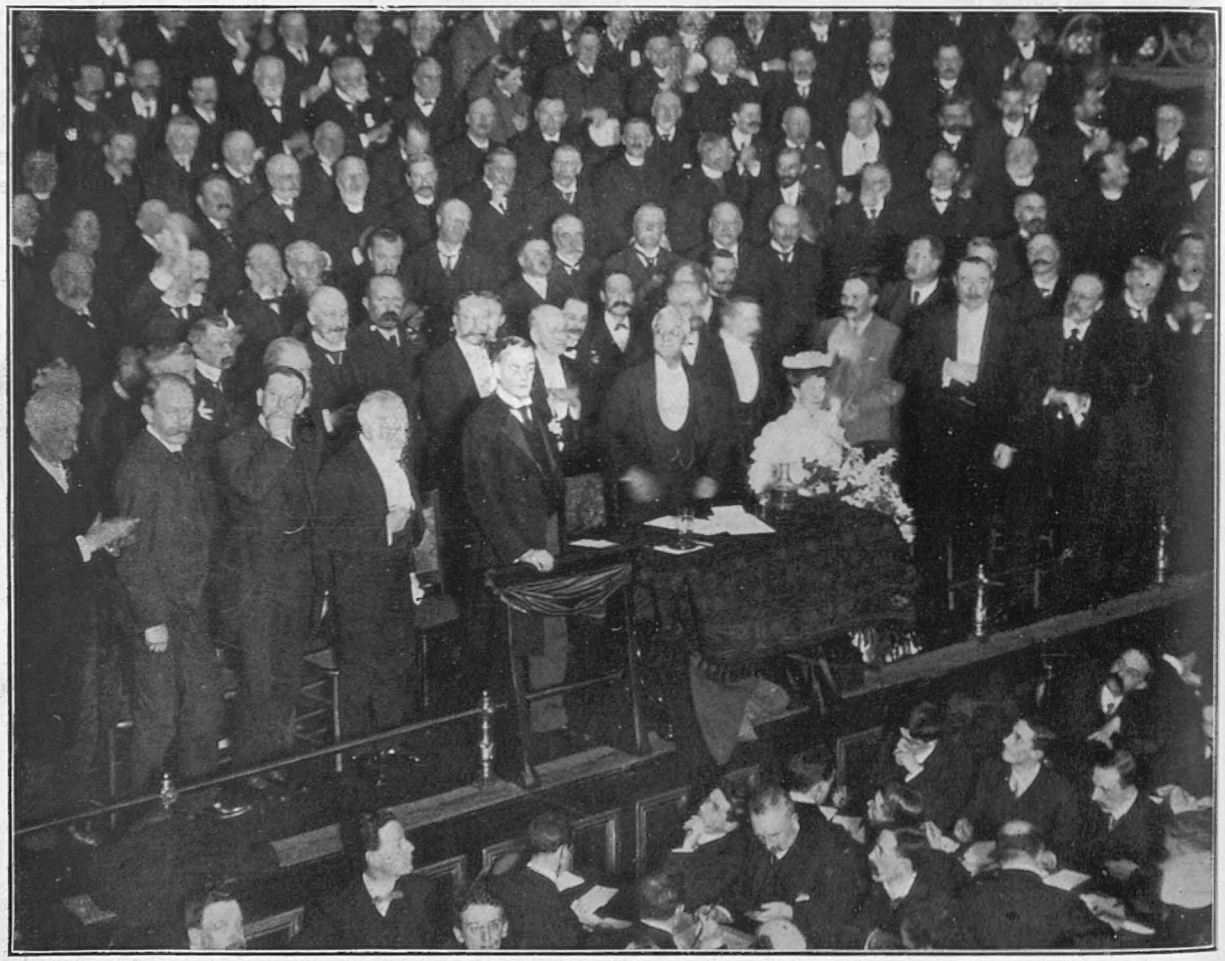


Photo by *Topical Agency*

"Speaking Imperially": Mr. Chamberlain answers Mr. Asquith's Free Trade speech at Preston

Two Accidents in the Hunting Field

tenantry. Lord Eglinton is the owner of three or four places in Scotland, but perhaps the most beautiful is Eglinton Castle, which is situated in the lovely county of Ayrshire, close to the village of Irvine. It was there that the famous Eglinton tournament took place, one of the grandest spectacles of early Victorian days, described most vividly in Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion."

Sir John Heathcoat-Amory

The formal secession of Sir John Heathcoat-Amory from the Liberal Unionist Party, of which he has been one of the leading lights in Devonshire, has caused considerable sensation in the county. At Tiverton, where he has great interests, his return in allegiance to the Liberal Party is considered as a very severe blow for the present Member, Sir William Walrond, late Chief Government Whip, and now Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. As may be imagined, the Protectionist tendency of the present Government is the cause of Sir John rejoining his old friends. He is a strong Free-trader; and his grandfather and himself represented the constituency from 1832 until 1885. Sir John Heathcoat-Amory and his sons own large mills at Tiverton. As a hunting man he is very well known as Master of his own pack of staghounds, which were established in 1896, at the suggestion of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, to hunt the country into which the deer were spreading, and which lies beyond the limits of the Devon and Somerset. Sir John shows very good sport, with the able assistance of his son, Ian, who is huntsman.

The Marquis of Breadalbane, K.G.

Lord Breadalbane, who was recently made the recipient of the Swedish Order of the Seraphim by King Oscar, is the first British subject to receive that famous decoration. The Seraphim is one of the most valued, and certainly one of the most ancient, of existing orders, having been instituted in 1334 by Magnus IV. The insignia consists of an eight-pointed star of gold and white enamel, with a Jerusalem cross at the end of each ray, and the head of a winged seraph between every two rays. The ribbon is blue, and etiquette prescribes that it must be worn from right to left. Lord Breadalbane, besides owning about half-a-dozen other titles, is the possessor of about 400,000 acres, mostly in the Isle of Oban and in Perthshire. He is an A.D.C. to His Majesty, and is also Colonel of the Black Watch. King Oscar is a personal friend of Lord Breadalbane's, much in the same way as Lord Lonsdale is a friend of Kaiser Wilhelm—their tastes and ideas being very similar.

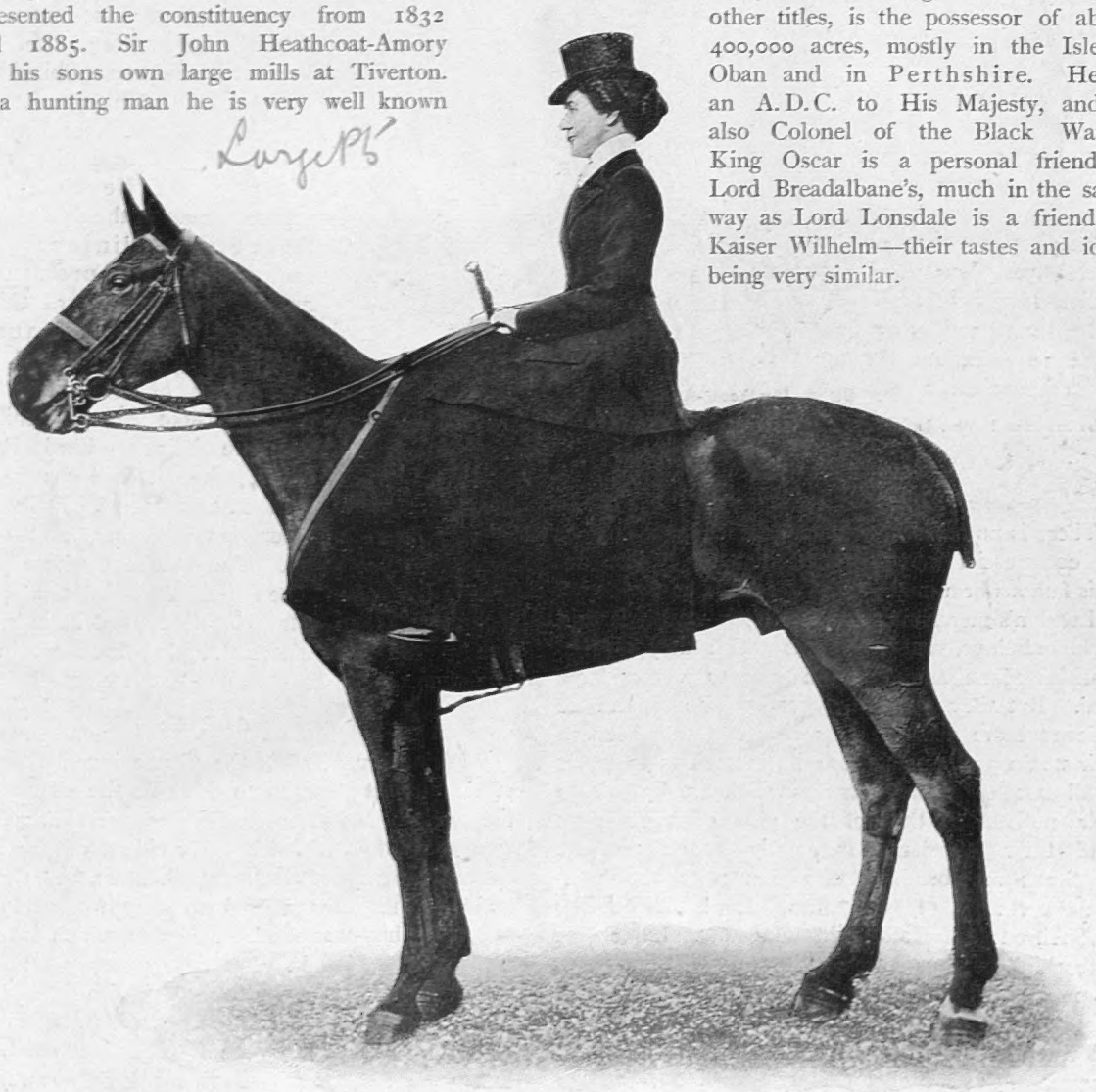


Photo by *Lafayette*

The Countess of Eglinton, who recently had the misfortune to fracture an arm while hunting with the Eglinton, at Rowallan

Fabulous Wealth and Philanthropy

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Sir J. Heathcoat-Amory

Who has caused something akin to consternation in Devonshire by his formal secession from the Liberal Unionist Party

A Merchant Prince

There is no name in commerce which stands higher for commercial integrity than that of Rothschild. This famous firm may well be described as the doyen of London's merchant princes. Their wealth is said to be fabulous, and the sums which they give to charities alone amount each year to a very large total. But they are a very generous house, and we believe we are accurate in saying that they keep on their staff a gentleman whose business it is to report on all cases of genuine distress which are brought to their notice, so that of the gifts of their right hand their left hand frequently knows nothing. Of the three brothers who constitute the principal partners of the firm, Lord Rothschild, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, perhaps Alfred is the least well known to the public, mainly because his pursuits are not such as attract the glare of public attention. He shoots and rides, but his especial hobby is pictures—he is a trustee of the National Gallery and of the Wallace Collection. Both at his town house and at Halton House, Tring, he has a very valuable collection of masterpieces, and, as a patron of art, has published privately, two very interesting volumes of his own collections. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild is unmarried, and is a member of half-a-dozen Town Clubs, of which, we believe, the Bachelors' is his favourite.

The Duke of Newcastle

The Duke of Newcastle has just returned from the United States, where he has been lavishly fêted. It is not every day that a real wearer of the strawberry leaves visits the home of democracy. When, too, it was realised that the visitor, besides being a Duke, is a modest and amiable gentleman, the well-known hospitality with which America always welcomes her English cousins became almost embarrassing. In New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Newport, and Chicago, hostesses fell over each other in their anxiety to welcome the visitor. The Duke of Newcastle is the seventh bearer of the title, although the Pelham-Clintons really first came into prominence through the ninth Lord Clinton, who was Queen Elizabeth's Lord High Admiral and Governor of Boulogne. The present Duke has no children, and the heir is Lord Francis Hope, who, it will be remembered, married again last year. The Duke is a very keen amateur photographer, and swears by Platinotype paper. The Duchess, whose photograph has often been published in this paper, is known as an intrepid follower of hounds, and one of the most successful dog breeders in the Kingdom.

Auguste Rodin

"Divine brutality" is the phrase invented by one of his warmest admirers to describe the character of the work of Auguste Rodin, the great Frenchman who succeeded Whistler as President of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, and who has now offered to design a sculptured setting for his bust of W. E. Henley, which is to find a place in St. Paul's. For nearly forty years Rodin fought a hard battle with the world, with little beyond his belief in his own ideals to sustain him. Even when he was commissioned by the Society of Men of Letters to execute a statue of Balzac, his work was rejected by the committee. He is sixty-four years old; and it was not until he was nearing sixty that he can be said to have conquered his rightful place among the great

A Michelangelo of the Present Day

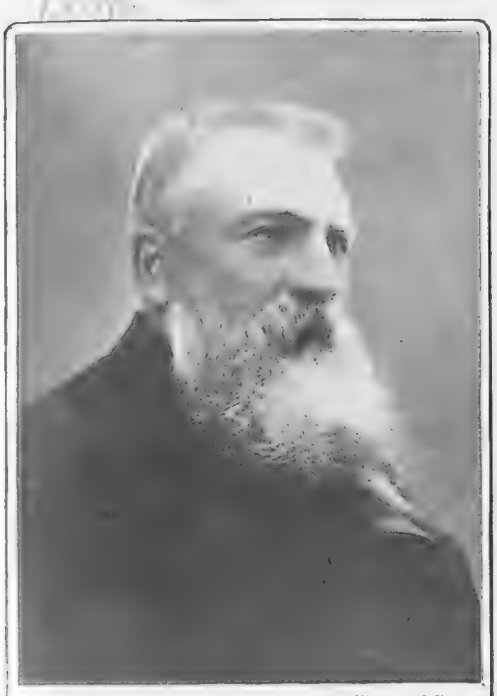


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

M. Auguste Rodin

The famous French sculptor, who has offered to design a sculptured setting for his bust of W. E. Henley, which is to find a place in St. Paul's

Photo by *Dickinsons*

The Marquis of Breadalbane

The first British subject to receive the Swedish Order of the Seraphim, conferred on him by King Oscar

artists of the world. His first composition waited twenty years for a purchaser. The Paris Exhibition of 1900, with its show of his work, made his fortune. England, it is pleasant to remember, was the first foreign country to secure an example of his work in the "John the Baptist" at South Kensington. In the siege of Paris he was a corporal in the National Guard; to-day he rules in the great galleries at Berlin and Dresden. He is the Michelangelo of his time.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Alfred Rothschild

Brother of Lord Rothschild, and one of the partners in the great banking house

Photo by *Russell*

The Duke of Newcastle

Who has just returned from the United States, where he has made many friends

AT THE SIGN OF THE TIMES

One Difference

Russian Censors have their humour. According to a correspondent, a Moscow journal, which submitted its article announcing the fall of Port Arthur to the Censor late at night, had the word "frost" substituted for "fall" or "capitulation" in every instance—with the result that it was changed into sheer nonsense. No wonder Russian journalists complain. In our own free country, if there is any sheer nonsense in a newspaper article, it is not the Censor's fault.

Thoughts on an English Censor

A really humorous Press Censor might, however, contribute not a little to the gaiety of the nation. Imagine him at work upon an article dealing with Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Preston. . . . "Mr. Chamberlain urged that the great need of the country was — Frost. Free-traders might talk about Jam, but what was the use of Jam without—Frost? The Parish-pump was all very well, but it was imperative to think Imperially. To think Imperially was to decide on—Frost. He would like every man in that audience to remember the word—Frost; to repeat—Frost to himself; to discuss—Frost with his neighbour, in the full consciousness that, only by familiarising itself with this notion of—Frost, could the Nation ever hope to be adequately—Frozen. . . . ."

Censored Posters

For our own part, we should particularly like a Censor put in charge of evening posters:—

Shocking—Frost in East Ham.
Amusing Evidence in—Frost Courts.
All the—Frosts!

We get our news too easily nowadays. The Russian censorship has this advantage, at any rate, that it makes people read the papers with more care than they otherwise would.

A WORD IN SEASON

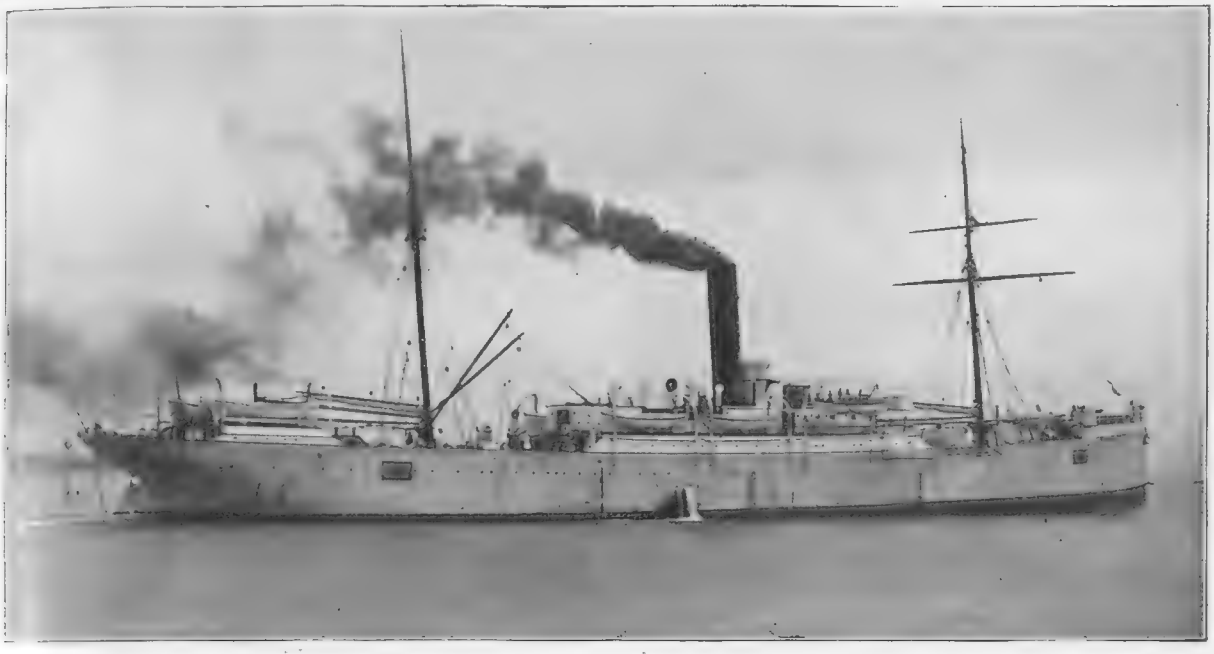
"I say, Guvnor, I wouldn't stand in front of that hot fire if I was you, yer legs is warpin'"

The New Road-Pest

The owner of Moor Park, Farnham, has done a service to irritable old gentlemen, all the world over—except in a few barbarous parts, where babies are carried in shawl-straps—by getting perambulators legally defined as wheeled traffic. If the definition holds good, nursemaids will have to look out. They will have to light up after dark and carry a number, and be careful not to drive their charges into the legs of elderly passers-by in the nonchalant manner which so often adds insult to injury. Hitherto, the babies have had it all their own way. Now, some old English Brutus will be summoning his son and heir for riding on the pavement to the detriment of the common weal.

"Mixed Dancing"

It is a pity that Revivalism, which seems a natural and genuine process among certain people, should always be exploited by the faddists. For the result is that the desire for self-improvement—only a little the worse for being sudden—is organised into a series of attacks upon social recreations, such as football, dancing, and —one might add—swearing (since some philosophers have found this conducive to an ethical state), which, at the



[Photo by] The steam yacht "Veronique," in which Lord Fitzwilliam and his party went treasure-seeking in Cocos Island [Bolak

worst, are only indulged in a little too freely. Dr. Torrey, for example, is making "Mixed Dancing" a prominent feature for denunciation. Yet probably there is no country in which dancing is so little indulged in as England; or in which dancing should be less discouraged from a moral, physical, and national point of view.

Also Mixed

But "mixed dancing," it seems, "is nowhere mentioned in Holy Writ." It is, of course, quite useless to point out that snap-dragon, Marconigrams, Methodism, and motor-cars, are nowhere mentioned either. Such things have been pointed out a thousand times, without any effect whatever. One can only bow the head and regret the over-indulgence of what is rapidly becoming a vice in a country that never was desperately logical. We refer, of course, to mixed thinking.

Overworked

Owing to the pressure of work in the County Courts—caused by the new Act—Judge Edge has declared that he will no longer give reasons for his decisions. Of course there will be reasons; but debtors—for example—who are condemned to pay their debts, will have to try and think out the reasons of this apparent injustice for themselves.

The Meaning of Inordinate

Advocates in the County Court have, at the same time, been requested by the Judge to keep to the issues raised, and not to let their eloquence run to inordinate lengths when addressing juries. Owing to the difference of opinion, however, with regard to the meaning of inordinate—between themselves and advocates—jurymen expect that their lot will be as usual.

A Masterly Move

Reports from the Southern State in which President Roosevelt has—in spite of protests—appointed a negro as postmaster, go to prove that the President has again proved himself to possess a thorough business capacity. The correspondence on the subject has already largely increased the postal revenue, and it is likely to continue indefinitely.

A New Black-List

The argument advanced by Temperance Reformers that it is unfair to beasts of the field to liken them to drunkards, inasmuch as they never touch alcohol, will have to be revised. For the *Daily Express* has discovered that many animals are confirmed inebriates. It records the story of an ostler's goose with an undoubted weakness for bottled stout (Guinness' for choice, presumably), and mentions—on authority—that wasps are addicted to port wine. Dogs are also victims of the drink craze.

Possible Dangers

It is this latter instance which will afford painful thought to lovers of animals. Tipsy wasps do not so much matter. Their behaviour to the man in the street is always intemperate, and it would require a scientist, as a rule, to decide whether they had been having port wine or not. But to have her pet dog on the black-list would break many a lady's heart. Fancy, too, an intoxicated parrot, not responsible for its language; or one's best carriage-pair declining to sign the pledge. If there is any danger of this craze increasing, smart ladies will have to change their small pets for something larger and stronger in the head. It would take a good deal of port wine—one would imagine—to make a hippopotamus feel unsteady.

Compulsory Greek

The battle around Compulsory Greek continues to rage fiercely; and new arguments for and against the study of that language continue to be brought forward. Professor Ray Lankester has charged classical masters generally with idleness—apparently as a result of their early studies. A Greek enthusiast contends, on the other hand, that boys made to learn Greek have better manners and more tact than those who spend their young lives in the laboratory, or in the study of German and shorthand. This looks like a hit at Professor Ray Lankester. It

is, in any case, an ingenious idea—this of reading Homer in order that we may some day gracefully give up our seat in a train to a lady. Only—working-men sometimes do it, who have studied neither Greek nor chemistry.

Its Effect on Manners

Tact is rather a difficult word to introduce into any controversy, and to claim it for students of Greek is, perhaps, going too far. The Greeks, themselves, were not so particularly tactful, certainly not as much so as the modern Frenchman. It is hard to see, therefore, why the mastery of their grammar should endow us with this supreme virtue. Besides, what of the facts? Mr. Balfour is a Greek scholar, and has tact, of course. But many politicians who can read Thucydides (at any rate, with a crib) have only quite recently been advised, by yet another Greek student, to mend their manners.

The Future of China

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who not so very long ago had to be rescued diplomatically from the Chinese Embassy in London, where he was held prisoner for his revolutionary behaviour, is again with us. He has confided to an interviewer that what he wants to do is to oust the Manchu dynasty, and impose the constitution of the United States upon China. It is a great scheme, and some day hence, no doubt, there will be a Wall Street in Peking, and Tea Magnates and Ginger Kings will bull and bear the Celestial Market. Some Carnegie Ching will present public libraries to his pig-tailed brothers, and a Pierpont Morgan Li will amass treasures of art from all the quarters of the earth. It is a very great scheme, and yet somehow we cannot altogether look forward to it. Something in it strikes us as wrong, or premature, or unromantic. Perhaps we are not revolutionary enough.

Lines from a Rejected Lover

(Some weeks after Crashaw)

Whoe'er she be,
That too ridiculous She,
That hath refused my heart and me;

Whate'er her name,
Unknown as yet to fame,
Sarah, or something much the same;

No matter where
She lives; perhaps Mayfair,
Or Bloomsbury, or Belgrave Square;

No matter why
She said she'd rather die
Than marry such a man as I;

I shall not utter curses,
But, what infinitely worse is,
Send her a copy of these verses.

. . . . . .

I wish her joy,
Full measure, without alloy,
Of Jones, her very latest "boy."

I trust that Fate
Will give him, soon or late,
A nose approximately straight;

A pair of hands
That *is* a pair of hands—
As everybody understands;

That not in vain
He'll try to make it plain,
He has, at least, a *sort* of brain;

That later on,
When Jones's day is gone,
Some better man she'll light upon . . .

But if she tarry
Too long with Dick and Harry,
What wonder if she never marry?

She has the Face,
She has, indeed, the Grace—
But will the other last the pace?

. . . . . .

Good-bye, my dear;
Forgive a passing tear;
I loved you madly—for a year!

A winter view of the famous Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, California

It was at this observatory that the sixth satellite of Jupiter was discovered recently by means of the Crossley reflector, a new kind of telescope presented by Mr. Edward Crossley, of Halifax, York-hire. The largest telescope in the observatory, and the second largest in the world, is the famous instrument with the thirty-six-inch objective. This obse vatory is named after its founder, James Lick, whose remains are interred in the supports of the great telescope. One of the conditions of the foundation was that the observatory should be opened to the public one day a week, and this privilege is readily taken advantage of, people coming from all parts of the States to pay a visit to Mount Hamilton

A NURSERY PARROT

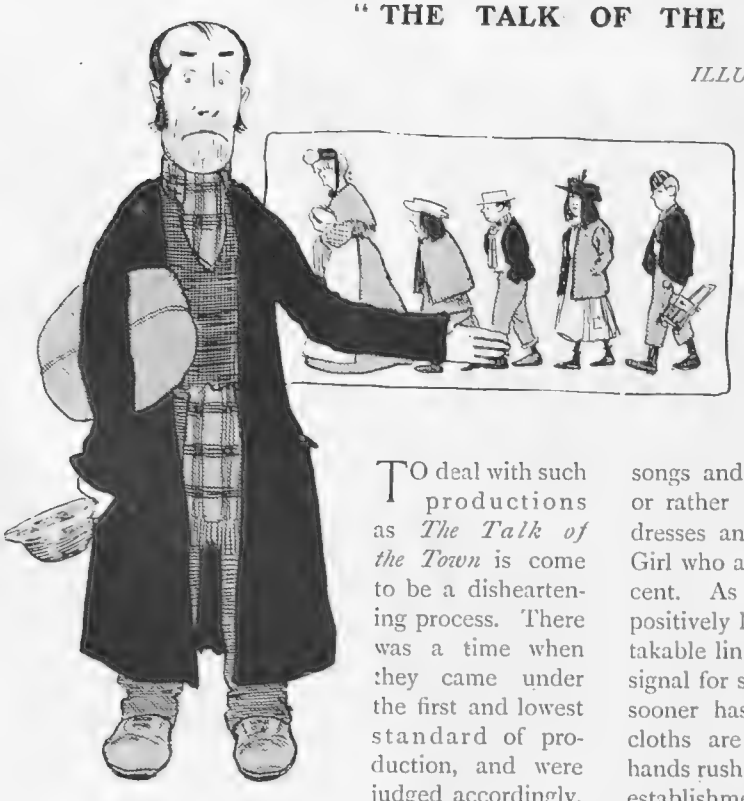
DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

PARROT: "You can't touch me—I'm touching wood"

AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN"

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW



Mr. Walter Passmore
"The Man in Possession"
Singing "Me and my little brood"

TO deal with such productions as *The Talk of the Town* is come to be a disheartening process. There was a time when they came under the first and lowest standard of production, and were judged accordingly. A generous allowance was made for the limitations of musical comedy. It was tacitly recognised that where there were no great aims, a high standard of judgment would be out of place. So a level was agreed upon. Irresponsible fun, beautiful dresses, pretty girls, catchy music — these were the heads under which marks of appreciation were adjudicated.

Most musical comedies gained good marks, and the examining reviewer salved his conscience and reserved his pæans of praise and his phillipics for the productions which could be classified as drama.

Gradually modern musical comedy has shown an increasing inability to keep up with the first standard. It is, at the present moment, so backward that to escape the hapless award of chronic disapproval, it should be relegated to the infant's class.

According to kindergarten standards, *The Talk of the Town* is written in Master Seymour Hick's most approved style. He gained a prize for *The Earl and the Girl*, so, with infantile wisdom, he has scooped another by the simple process of building up a second production with the same materials. The plot of a musical comedy book commences to fade from the memory the moment that the curtain is down. I have forgotten the plot of *The Earl and the Girl*, and of *The Talk of the Town*, but the undoubted general resemblance of the two stories is an indelible recollection Being debarred from working out two synopses, I can only assert that the characters in the two pieces bear a similar relation to each other. Mr. Walter Passmore is again a gentleman of humble means, impersonating a gentleman who has prospects of great wealth. Mr. Lytton is again an engaging *jeune premier*, much concerned in Mr. Passmore's change of identity. Mr. Frank Elliston is again an American gentleman on the search for the right party. Mr. Robert Evett is again a subsidiary juvenile with songs and a girl of his own—and so *ad infinitum*, or rather to the end of a lengthy cast. As to the dresses and mounting of the new Earl and the new Girl who are the Talk of the Town—both are magnificent. As to the music—the numbers are catchy and positively loaded down with business. Those unmistakable lines which lead up to a music cue are the signal for scene-shifters and flymen to get ready. No sooner has the conductor tapped his *bâton* when cloths are lowered, the stage is darkened, stage hands rush on with "props," and lo! Madam Modiste's establishment in Regent Street is transformed into the Arctic regions of Lapland. Beautiful Lapland ladies, clad in bewitching white beaver skins, emerge from their huts, and Miss Olive Morrell sings the joys of

Miss Agnes Fraser
(Adaline Lewin)

Mr. Henry A. Lytto
(Lieut. Reggie Drummond)

Lapland to a measure which bridges the cold snows of the Northern Archipelago and the languor of the land of the cake-walk. Instances of these scenic songs might be multiplied.

The piece is apparently a popular success, so it would be cruel further to disturb the kindergarten dreams of the librettist, lyric writers, composers, producers, and managers responsible for its production.

The Great Queen Street Theatre

It is pleasant to mark the increased success which greets the German players with each successive season. They appear to be thoroughly at home now in the little theatre in Great Queen Street, and their subdued rendering of the small part of Kellerman by Herr Max Behrend. Such an artist could, with the utmost ease, have made the part twice as prominent, but this course would have the effect of marring the general effect of the play.

The Search for a Double

In the uncertain world of the theatre aspiring playwrights have to school themselves to play the waiting game. They can never be certain that their piece is going to be produced until the opening dialogue of their play falls like music upon their ears. Of the myriad causes which compel the postponement of a piece, surely none can be stranger than that which

Mr. Robert Evett *(Lieut. the Duke of Topford)*

Miss Olive Morrell *(June, a Gipsy Girl)*

Mr. Reginald Crompton *(Private Belsey)*

Miss Sydney Fairbrother *(Wife of "the man in possession")*

Ventôle is spreading in the most gratifying manner. I found a packed house the other week at a *matinée* of *Alt Heidelberg*, which is a firm favourite with the playgoing public, and I should imagine will carry off the honours of the *répertoire* when a reckoning is made of the plays produced during the season. Herr Meyer-Foerster's play is instinct with "atmosphere" (that poor word which has been so exploited as to become wearisome). The piece plunges us, willy-nilly, into the most joyous days of youth, and we have to pay the penalty for this transportation by seeing these golden views dissolve under the stern hand of duty, as exemplified by the return of Karl Heinz to the stifling routine of the Court. The acting of the German company in this piece is too well known to need further comment, but it is impossible to withstand another word of praise for the admirable manner in which each player works for the benefit of the whole piece. An instance of this is the admirably confronts Mr. George Alexander in his search for a double.

Until this *rara avis* be discovered, *John Chilcote, M.P.*, must remain upon the shelf, because the play, which is based on the resemblance of two men, contains a striking scene in which they are brought face to face. Often it has been remarked how faithfully the members of a provincial company, playing a London success, model themselves upon the original cast. The business, dress, make-up, intonation, and even mannerisms, are reproduced at times with such fidelity that at the first blush it is a little difficult to disbelieve that the creator of the *rôle* is not appearing in the provincial cast. The deleterious effect this system works upon natural talent need not be insisted upon. But it is a little strange that the system should be unable, when required, to produce a provincial player able to impersonate a London actor.

E. C. S.

CONCERNING JOHN BURNS

(NO. 59 OF THE SERIES)

At those times of the year when the British Empire rests secure in the thought that the House of Commons is in session, and "the jealous nations, panoplied alike" (Austin), look on with wondering admiration, a watcher by the threshold of Palace Yard may often, about eleven o'clock in the morning, behold an impressive spectacle. Down Victoria Street approaches a weather-beaten bicycle, which, for all its evidence of long-continued use, yet shows plainly to an expert eye that its owner knows something about machinery and the way to treat it. Riding the bicycle is a shortish man of massive frame, who suggests by his whole build and bearing, to an imaginative mind, the idea of a stunted giant. Strength seems to radiate from his person. He wears a suit of dark blue serge, its pockets bulging with papers; a grizzled beard; and the finest pair of eyebrows in Parliament. He looks neither to the right nor to the left; his mind is busy; but he returns the salute of the policeman at the gate with geniality. People who know mankind think, as they see him pass, "A Scot." Those who know who is who say, "John Burns." It is the Member for Battersea coming down to a Committee.

He has sat on a good number in his time, for he is one of the veterans of the first London County Council, as well as a Member of Parliament of a dozen years' standing. In the course of his forty-six years of life, he has sat on many things more, beginning with the form of a Church school in Vauxhall, and ending (to date) with a seat on the Opposition benches; for John Burns has never muddled his work as a Labour representative by refusing to take sides in the House.

He is a Radical of the most ferocious type. Though he would willingly share his last crust with Lord Lansdowne, and exert himself all day in the attempt to find a job of work for Mr. Balfour—if things ever came to that—he is remorseless with them as politicians. He is famous for a vigour of plain-speaking in, and more especially out of, the House, which would have ruined him long ago if it were not usually coupled with wisdom. He has said the harshest things about Jews, and called down the wrath of Heaven—or of the East End, which is perhaps not the same thing—on Park Lane and all that dwells therein. He is a Socialist, and prominent among Socialists; for unlike most modern Socialists, he has no affection for the Conservative Party. As a pro-Boer he left Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Swift McNeill panting in the rear; and the success of a certain famous London meeting which was *not* broken up, but broke up some of its assailants rather badly, was mainly due to the presence of a body of stalwart constituents of the Member for Battersea.

For Battersea believes firmly in its representative. Each of them has done a good deal to make the other what it is; and because his record is absolutely straight and clean, Battersea has a way of giving "John" larger majorities than any of his colleagues on the London County Council, and sufficiently fat ones for his seat in Parliament.

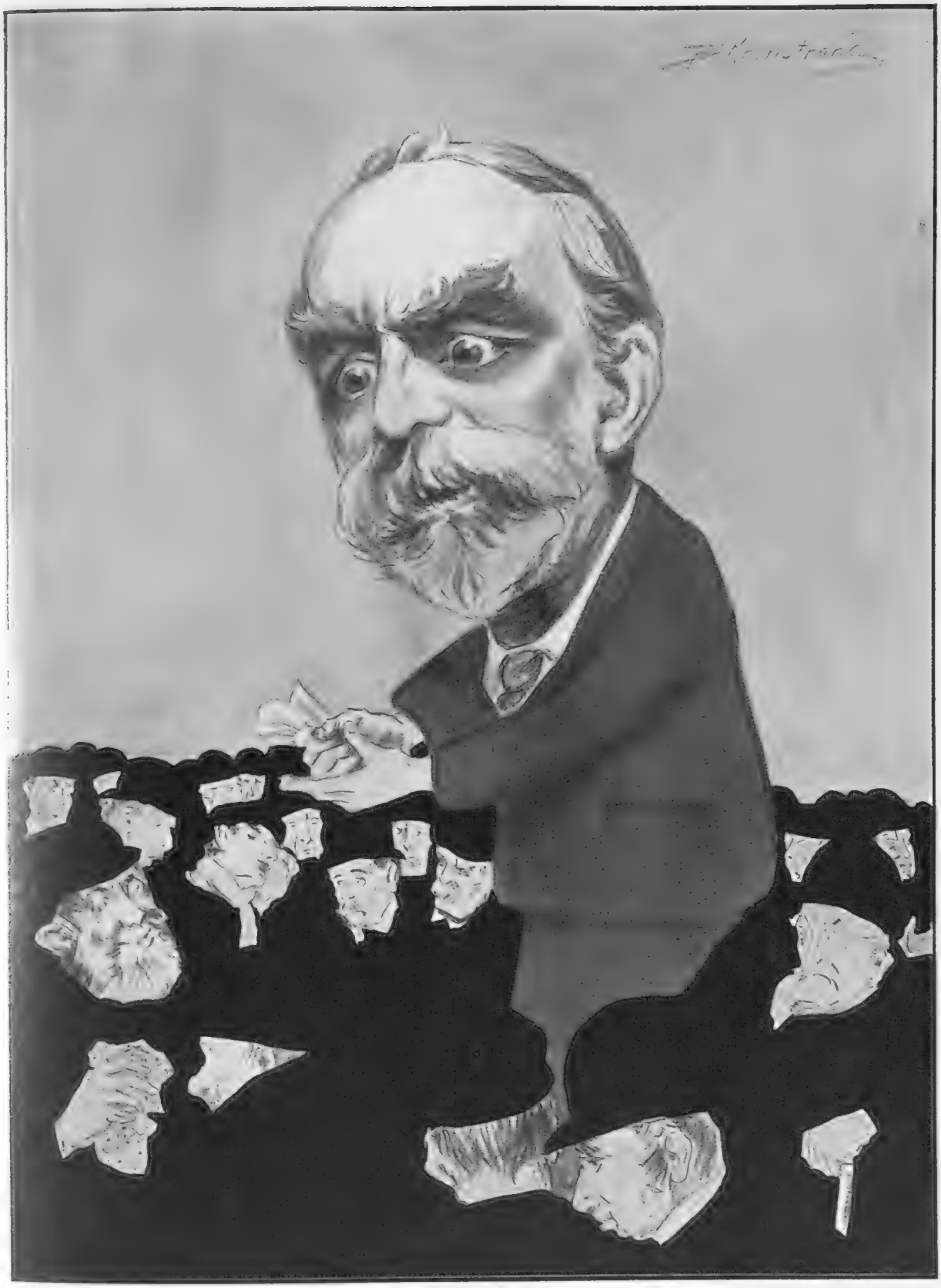
Amid a dark jungle of severe morning dress, made bright here and there by tropic blooms of dandyism, the Member for Battersea's preference for his "reefer" suit is notable. Nevertheless, by that short coat of his hangs at least one tale. When first he stood for Battersea in 1892, he was opposed by Mr. W. M. Chinnery, a candidate who arrayed himself, *mutatis mutandis*, like the lilies of the field, and had his clothes from a famous West End tailor. Now it happened that several of that tailor's workmen were Battersea men, and sworn to uphold John Burns; so while they made Mr. Chinnery's resplendent clothes, they vowed that their own candidate should not be outshone by means of their handiwork. So they made him a suit, of the only kind that he would wear, as well-fitting and well-cut as any in all Pall Mall. And John Burns was returned.

Like everybody else nowadays, Mr. Burns is a Scotsman; by blood only, for he was born, and has lived most of his life, in or near the place he represents. His father was a Burns of Ayrshire, and it may be that the strain of artistic temperament which somehow exists in his son, the most practical of modern politicians, has somewhere far back a common origin with that of Scotland's poet.

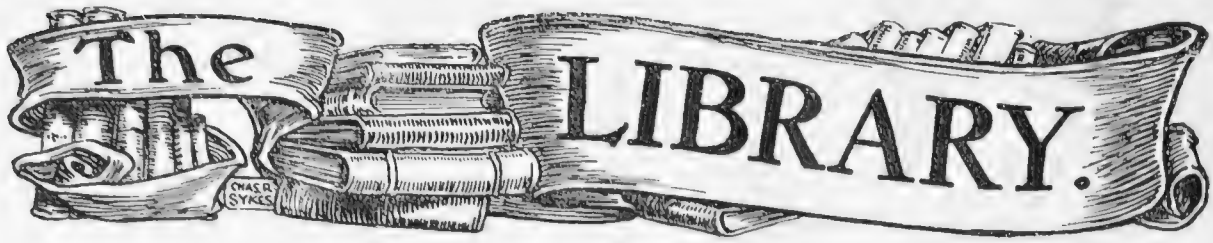
Anyhow, the poetic side of his nature was not definitely encouraged; for he began the world, at ten years of age, in a candle factory. Nor did it have much scope when he became successively a rivet boy and an engineer's apprentice. Yet in those days he sometimes went short of a dinner in order to bring some book within his means, and Ruskin and Morris were his joy. Gradually he became a noted speaker on the things that matter to working men; and when at last he captained the Dock Strike, and obtained for his followers the historic "Tanner," his reputation as the foremost organiser and leader of Labour was established.

He has travelled in his time. For a year he worked as a foreman engineer where the lordly Niger flows; and his savings from that employ he spent in studying the men and cities of Europe for six months. He has been to the United States, too. He did not like them.

Some day we may see him a Minister. It is possible that nothing dreadful would happen to England if a man who knows and understands the working class as no Minister has ever yet done should rise to that high honour. Great ability, flawless honesty, wide experience, devouring industry and a rare power of influencing men form a combination not so very common among politicians that we can leave this possibility out of account. So, *nous verrons!*



The Member for Battersea



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Unveiling of Lhasa." By Edmund Candler, the *Daily Mail's* Special Correspondent. Illustrated. (Arnold: 15*s.* net.)

"To Lhasa at Last." By Powell Millington. A book of personal experiences. (Smith, Elder: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

[The above are the first two books to appear on the recent Mission to Tibet.]

"Cross River Natives: Being some Notes on the Primitive Pagans of Obubura Hill District, Southern Nigeria." By Charles Partridge, Assistant District Commissioner in Southern Nigeria. Illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co.: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Enchanted Woods." By Vernon Lee. (John Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Landscape Gardening." By Samuel Parsons. (G. P. Putnam's Sons: 9*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Secret Woman." A New Dartmoor Novel. By Eden Phillpotts. Ready to-morrow. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"A Song of a Single Note." A Romance of the American War of Independence. By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Tales of the Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"He that Eateth Bread with Me." By H. A. Mitchell Keays. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Confessions of a Young Lady." By Richard Marsh. (John Long: 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

The Enchanted Woods

By Vernon Lee

(John Lane: 3s. 6d. net)

Those who from time to time read the essays of this gifted lady, thrilling, as they do, with the rare charm of a mind open to every impression of the beautiful, especially the beauty of places, will be glad to have some of them collected into a volume. It would be difficult to overpraise the pleasure that they will give to those who are in tune with their delicate allusiveness and thoughtful distinction of style. Vernon Lee's subject is the Genius Loci, and whether she writes of the "enchanted woods" lying within reach of all of us, if only we had the eyes to see them, or of places to which we must journey, she reaches to the heart of them, and interprets in subtle harmony of words the beauty that lies hidden there. She knows the use of beautiful words, but she gives us something better than mere word-painting. There is always clear thought illuminated by fine language, as here:

> We need undertake no voyages of discovery to meet the Genius Loci. There is a presiding spirit, an oread, in every venerable and well-grown tree, overtopping the forest, or lonely upon the ploughed ridges; a naiad in every well-head, among the trickling cress and the mossy stones; nay, even in every cistern of fair masonry and pure beryl water open to the sky, where watering-cans are filled of evenings. And as to enchanted woods, why, they lie in many parks and girdle many cities; only you must know them when you see them, and submit willingly to their beneficent magic. Thus we enrich our life, not by the making of far-fetched plans, nor by the seeking of change and gain; but by the faithful putting to profit of what is within our grasp.

This is a book that should not be missed. It is full of charm, and of fine thoughts, finely expressed.

He that Eateth Bread with Me

By H. A. Mitchell Keays

(Methuen and Co: 6s.)

It is often said that novels dealing entirely with American life have no sale on this side of the water, but, surely, when they are as good as this one before us, they should not lack readers. The subject of the story, the characters, and their surroundings, are purely American, perhaps as far apart from the problems and the people that interest us in England as they well could be; but human nature is very much the same on both sides of the Atlantic, and, although under unfamiliar conditions, there can be no difficulty in recognising the truth that lies here.

The lax divorce laws of most of the States of the Union are shown up, in this book with the awkward title, in all their essential immorality. It is not a question of the Church or of human law that matters, but the hindrance to all that is noble in the ideals of marriage; and that is made very plain in this powerful story. It is that of a man, generous, home-loving, and at heart moral, who is married to a good and beautiful woman, and ceases for a time to love her. Why? Because under these lax laws there is always the possibility of legally breaking a marriage on the flimsiest excuse. Thus, if Clifford Mackemer had considered himself bound for life to his wife, whom he has devotedly loved, the lean years which often come to husband and wife, who have got past their first passion, would have been passed through, and the second and more stable affection that only increases with years would have been entered into. As it was, a temporary passion for another woman, far inferior in mind to his own wife, takes possession of him; he breaks his first tie with no difficulty, and makes his second, which he lives bitterly to regret. There is no necessity to indicate the course of the tragedy

that follows, a tragedy rather spoilt by a happy ending brought about by a mere accident, and not by the obvious course of events. The character of the wife is nobly conceived and developed, and that of the man consistent and subtly worked out. It is to be hoped that we shall have more of this author's books published in England.

Confessions of a Young Lady
By Richard Marsh
(John Long: 6s.)

Mr. Richard Marsh is so prolific a writer and exercises so little restraint in his art, that one opens one of his frequently recurring books with some misgivings. These are at once dissipated in the case of his *Confessions of a Young Lady*. The subject seems to suit him so well, that his light and easy style is not obliged to bear a burden too heavy for it, as is the case with most of his writings, in which a thin subject is beaten out to inordinate length by airy chatter that ends in wearying. The young lady in question is an original creature. Scenes from her childhood, girlhood, and early womanhood, cleverly devised and interesting in themselves, are shown in the most attractive fashion, and the reader congratulates himself on having three hundred pages before him of very pleasant entertainment. Alas! when half of the three hundred pages are ended, the young lady's adventures are suddenly ended too, with less than half her story told; and the rest of the book is made up of oddments. It is not quite fair, and there is nothing on title-page or cover to show that the book is not the novel it professes to be. Half of it, however, is pure pleasure, and the rest may be readable, for all we know. But a novel is one thing, and a collection of short stories, however good, is another, and they should not be confounded in this way.

Landscape Gardening
By Samuel Parsons, Junr.
(G. P. Putnam's Sons: 9s. net)

The art of gardening has made such strides in England of late years, that it will be of great interest to English garden lovers to learn something from this book as to how their hobby is progressing in America, and, perhaps, to learn something from the methods of good gardeners on the other side. The conditions as to soil and climate are not so very different. Probably, we have the advantage over here, at any rate in the south and west, over the region dealt with by Mr. Parsons. It is, perhaps, in the matter of ornamental trees and shrubs, in which America is naturally so rich, that most can be learnt from this excellent work. But on the whole subject Mr. Parsons is well worth studying, and the illustrations with which his pages are interspersed are of great interest.

Books to Appear Shortly

Mrs. Harding Davis, the mother of the well-known war correspondent, has written a little book of reminiscences, which Messrs. Constable are publishing under the title of *Bits of Things*. Mrs. Harding Davis knows how to write, and to write well—for she has published a number of successful novels—but it is to be hoped that the suggestion which she throws out in her "Foreword" will not recklessly be adopted. "It has always seemed to me," she writes, "that each human being, before passing out into the silence, should leave behind him, not the story of his own life, but of the time in which he lived—as he saw it—its creed, its purpose, its queer habits, and the work which it did or left undone in the world. Some such vague consideration as this has made me collect these scattered remembrances of my own generation, and of some of the men and women in it whom I have known."

The harvest of chaff proposed by Mrs. Harding Davis is too disheartening to contemplate, though there is always room, of course, for an autobiography that is really worth leaving. Such a book is promised by the Hon. Henry Coke—a son of the first Earl of Leicester—who can remember being kissed by Queen Adelaide. Needless to say, he was then but a child, and he is now only two years short of eighty. His memory also takes him back to the China War of 1840-2, when he was serving in the Navy, and to the Imperial revelries of Compiègne, when he was the guest of the Emperor Napoleon. There should be some intimate reminiscences, too, of our own Royal family in these *Tracks of a Rolling Stone*—the title given to his book by its author—for his wife, Lady Katherine—a daughter of the second Earl of Wilton—was lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Teck, and afterwards to the Princess of Wales. The book is to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder.

The literary side of Sydney Smith—"Rare Sydney!" as Thomas Moore called him—has never been adequately treated, and the life by the Hon. G. W. E. Russell, which Messrs. Macmillan will have ready next month in their "English Men of Letters" series, will be warmly welcomed. "In the critical part," explains the author, "I have relied less on authority, and more on my devotion to Sydney Smith's writings. That devotion dates from my schooldays at Harrow, and is due to the kindness of my father. He had known 'dear old Sydney' well, and gave me the Collected Works, exhorting me to study them as models of forcible and pointed English. From that day to this I have had no more favourite reading."

A curious light is thrown on the relationship which existed for many years between Victor Hugo and Madame Drouet, in a book by Mr. H. W. Wack, which Messrs. Putnam will shortly publish under the title of *The Romance of Victor Hugo*. Mr. Wack was in Guernsey not long ago collecting material for an article on the exiled poet, when he chanced on a bundle of letters written to Hugo by Juliette Drouet. On these he has based his book, including the letters, and giving a sketch of Victor Hugo's life in the Channel Islands. Hugo's own letters to Juliette Drouet were published in France some time back; these letters in reply are now published for the first time.

Both Mr. W. E. Norris and Mr. Clark Russell hark back to the old convict days in Australasia in their new novels for the Spring season, to be published by Messrs. Methuen. In Mr. Clark Russell's tale—*His Island Princess*—the hero is the second mate of a convict ship, which is wrecked in the South Pacific. He is rescued by a beautiful girl and her father, who, like the mate, have been thrown on one of the islands, and their various adventures furnish the author with plenty of scope for his practised pen. In Mr. Norris's new book, *Barham of Beltana*, the hero, a wealthy colonist, is the son of a convict, whose transportation to Van Dieman's Land on a charge of embezzlement he has always maintained to have been a miscarriage of justice. A love affair between his daughter and a young English officer brings him into close relations with the descendants of his father's alleged victim. This discovery seems likely to destroy the happiness of two pairs of lovers, but a solution of the difficulty is suddenly provided by the intervention and laying of a well-authenticated ghost.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

The Glorious Dead

The appearance of a new and cheaper edition of Sir George Otto Trevelyan's important work, "The American Revolution," gives one occasion to remind the pessimists, who are for ever bewailing the literary deficiencies of our age, that it is not merely to the names of professional men of letters we should direct attention when comparing present poverty with past opulence. One of these prophets of evil came forward the other week with two ill-balanced lists of names; but he had omitted from living writers of distinction, Mr. John Morley, Lord Avebury, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Lord Rosebery. Now, I submit that all these are authors whose works are as likely to be remembered when they are dead as are the works of Huxley, Lecky, Tyndall, and certain others of the glorious dead on whom our pessimist loves to ponder. Truly, as Bailey puts it:

The dead have all the glory of the world—
Why will ye live and not be glorious?

With the exception of Mr. Morley, none of the writers above-named has been a professional man of letters; but all have suffered in contemporary literary fame by reason of their association with politics. When they, too, have attained to rest, and the glamour of politics has vanished from their names, the high merit of their literary work will be better understood; and, per chance, some croaker of a future day will flourish their names to the discredit of his contemporaries.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart.

Whose important work, "The American Revolution," is being re-issued in three volumes by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan

The author of "The American Revolution" ought certainly to be included in any roll-call of great living writers. It may be urged that in this great work of his he shows lack of certain qualities essential to the ideal historian, but might not the same have been said of his illustrious uncle, Lord Macaulay? The latter was scarcely his superior in the command of a brilliant, vigorous, sustained, literary style. Sir George's chief contribution to literature, previous to the work now being re-issued, was his "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," published in 1876, one of the finest biographies in our language. He began as a poet, with those clever Aristophanic skits, "The Ladies in Parliament" and "Horace at the University of Athens," written about forty years ago. It is not long since I had the pleasure of hearing him tell an anecdote about his first venture in verse. This was a prize poem on the invasions of England, written while at Harrow. Proud of his performance, he submitted it to "an older relative, who himself could turn a sentence and round a stanza."

> Well, I am bound to say (he told us) that the emotions which my poem excited in Lord Macaulay's breast were drowned by his intense amusement in discovering that, out of one hundred and fifty lines, there were no less than forty false rhymes. I have never forgotten my speechless admiration when Lord Macaulay took up the paper, and, as fast as he could read it, threw out a succession of emendations, which turned my crude and halting verses into noble and stirring poetry. From that time forward, whatever I have done, I have never perpetrated a false rhyme, until at five-and-twenty the power of rhyming, happily for myself and others, deserted me suddenly, absolutely, and irrevocably.

Sir George notwithstanding, I believe I could quote certain verses of his written at a later period of his life. On the occasion to which I refer, Mr. L. F. Austin had dug up a passage from Sir George's early light verse, which gives a vivid description of the trials of a Parliamentary candidate in the rowdy, old days, when he himself was beginning his political career—just forty years ago. It is well worth quoting again:

> For this did I canvass, and promise, and flirt,
> And drink so much sherry, and eat so much dirt.
> For this did I stand on the hustings an hour,
> My mouth full of egg, and my whiskers of flour.
> Repeating in accents bewildered and hoarse
> That sentence to which I have always recourse
> Whenever I come to the end of my tether,
> About a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

"R. L. S.," Rosebery, and Dr. Japp

There is no end to the books about "R. L. S.," nor is there like to be! The newcomer is a handsome volume by Dr. A. H. Japp, "Robert Louis Stevenson, a Record, an Estimate, and a

Memorial" (T. Werner Laurie: 6*s.* net), which I have read with considerable personal interest, as some researches of mine have furnished Dr. Japp with not a little of his material. The work is pleasantly written, but it can scarcely be said to add anything to our knowledge of Stevenson, and as a biographical study I fear it does not compare very favourably with Mr. Bellyse Baildon's, which remains by far the best of the cheaper "lives" of R. L. S. Dr. Japp is somewhat ill-advised, I think, in devoting a chapter to an attack on Lord Rosebery. It seems that the latter treated him curtly when he pointed out that in naming the authors who had influenced Stevenson's style his lordship omitted mention of Thoreau. Dr. Japp has done excellent service as "Thoreau's sincere and learned disciple" (to quote R. L. S.); it was his peculiar knowledge of Thoreau that first brought him into contact with Stevenson, with happier results than in the case of Lord Rosebery. "When Greek joins Greek, then comes the tug of war," and when Scot crosses swords with Scot, then look out for the spilling of blood—"and blood" especially! Thus Dr. Japp on his distinguished countryman, Lord Rosebery:

> I declare him an amateur in Burns' literature and study, because of what I have said elsewhere, and there are many facts to add to that if the need were. I have proved above from his own words that he was crassly and unpardonably ignorant of some of the most important facts in R. L. Stevenson's development when he delivered that address in Edinburgh. . . . I am fully ready to prove also that, though chairman of the London County Council for a period, and though he made a very clever address at one of Sir W. Besant's lectures, there is much yet—very much—he might learn from Sir W. Besant's writings on London.

All this is quite beside the mark, and the whole chapter should have been omitted. Dr. Japp also finds fault with me for publishing the statement that Stevenson was known as Louis in print only, "whereas that was the only name by which he was known in his own family." Evidently, he has not understood that the reference was to the pronunciation of the name, Stevenson among his intimates being known as "Lewis." Again, he points out that, in quoting the beautiful verses written by Stevenson to Mr. S. R. Crockett on the latter's reference to "the grey Galloway lands, where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying, his heart remembers how," I make a mistake in this line:

> Hills of sheep and the *howes* of the silent vanished races.

The word italicised, he says, should be *h mes*. This I doubt, as it seems obvious that Stevenson had in his mind's eye the howes or hollows in the hills where vanished folk had dwelt. But this kind of criticism is very petty, and I am afraid Dr. Japp has indulged in it too freely to have produced a really valuable addition to the enormous library of Stevensonian literature.

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Mr. Gordon Home

A popular author and artist, who has illustrated "The King's Homeland," by Mr. Rider Haggard

Much Fame and Little Fortune

To those who are at all familiar with the inner side of the literary world, one of the most curious of its phenomena is the fact that while there are authors who can sell their books by thousands, and whose books no critic would waste an hour to read, or less to write about them, there are others whose books and personalities are discussed at great length in all the leading periodicals, and who, withal, cannot sell a thousand copies of a novel. Here is a true story told to me the other day by a celebrated writer. A lady was writing a novel, and desiring to dedicate it to a master of the craft, she asked his permission to do so. He replied that she was at liberty to pay him the honour, but warned her that it might do her book more harm than good, as he had the greatest difficulty in selling his own wares. Now, the distinguished novelist in question has a name to conjure with throughout the Anglo-Saxon world of letters, and I am told, on excellent authority, that the sales of a novel by him in England seldom exceed a beggarly seven hundred copies. The moral of it all seems to be that, even though all the critics in Christendom hail you as a genius, if you do not give the public what it wants, you will find authorship a poor business financially. Happily, one remembers Thoreau in this connection: "To have done anything by which you earned money merely, is to be idle and worse." If the grammar is wrong, the sense is right.

Author and Artist Too

A good many of our authors are also artists, after a fashion; but none of the younger generation excels Mr. Gordon Home with brush and pencil. He is only twenty-six years of age, and has had a remarkably varied career as journalist, author, and artist. Although born in London, he is of Scottish parentage—there is a clan Home!—and has been a hard-working journalist since his 'teens, editing at one time the magazine page of a daily paper, and later having had charge of the art side of the *Tatler* and the *King* successively. His books, five in number, are all topographical, and are as brightly written as they are beautifully illustrated. In his latest work, however, he has united his pencil with Mr. Rider Haggard's pen, "The King's Homeland" having been produced under the patronage of His Majesty, who nominated the author, and approved of Mr. Home as artist.

"Half-Hours with Great Authors"

[*Under this heading, we propose to print from time to time choice fragments from Famous Books, which seem to reflect—in a simple, old-fashioned way—some of the Political Problems of the present day.*]

No. I.—THE SWISS FAMILY CHAMBERLAIN

. . . We had now lived for many years upon the Island. My sons had all nearly grown up, and many other settlers had joined us, but I had never given up the practice of delivering a weekly lecture to them—in the handsome villa in which I had finally taken up my residence—on the shores of Birmingham Bay, as we had re-named the spot at which it pleased Providence to deliver us from the fury of the deep. . . .

Upon this Sunday I prefaced my remarks with the following observation:

"I have selected for your edification, my dear sons, a subject of novel and absorbing interest. . . ."

"What is that?" cried Austen, whose precocious interest in arithmetic had justified me in appointing him Chancellor of the Exchequer. I smiled to see his eagerness and answered with solemn emphasis, "Tariff Reform!"

My adopted sons, Vincent and Chaplin, whom little Austen and I had found one day (up a gum-tree) when we were exploring Conservative Jungle, clapped their hands with delight; but Arthur, whose constitutional laziness made him loath to face any really difficult problem, said:

"Isn't that the subject you discussed one day at Lime Street, and the Sunday before that at Luton, and . . ."

"And pray, my good Arthur," I interrupted, a little sharply, "what does it matter how often I discuss a subject of vital interest to this Empire?" (We had taken to calling it an Empire, as we had annexed much of the surrounding country.)

Arthur blushed a good deal at receiving this rebuke in the presence of his brothers, and relapsed into his accustomed position—with his legs upon the mantelpiece.

"The advantages of Tariff Reform," I resumed, "may best be observed by referring for a moment to the subject of dumping——"

"Dumpling?" said little Austen, whose relapses into juvenility were occasionally noticeable. "Is that what our mother made——?"

"No, no," I said. "Dumping . . . dumping——"

"The sort of thing," said Vincent, "that those German fellows do when they send over sugar and waiters and things without charging us for them——"

"Is it nicer to be charged for things?" asked Austen, puzzled.

"You little baby——" Vincent was beginning, but I could not allow him to brow-beat his younger brother.

"Hush!" I said. "And remember that we all live and learn. I was myself a Free-trader once. . . . To get things for nothing is, as Austen supposes, pleasant enough, so long as it lasts. But how long does it last? And must not the time come when the Bounties which enable the foreigner to dump his goods ruin our own Home Industries?"

"Such as our Stilton Cheese Works," said Chaplin. "I noticed, only the other day, that they no longer grew on the trees in Jingo Swamp, as they used to."

"The manufacturers told me," said Arthur, "that they'd never had such a good year. However, I daresay they don't know——"

"Of course they don't," I said. "Look at the Lobster-pot proprietors. They're going to the dogs. . . ."

"They deny it," said Arthur.

"Well, I'm not going into statistics," I said, irritably. "Facts do not matter to me."

"Why, didn't you say——" Arthur interrupted.

"In comparison with the well-being of the Empire——" I continued, firmly.

Several of the settlers who had come in to listen hooted at this point, so I went out for a sail round Mirage Point, where I first heard the Colonial Offer (to give twopence in exchange for a shilling). The recollection of it always refreshes me. . . .

Some posters used during the Mile End Election

PHRASEOLOGICAL DISTINCTIONS

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

MRS. DE LARDE POTTER *(of Park Lane, formerly of Tooting)*: "An' I suppose you've heard, Lady Evelyn, that me daughter, Mariar Gwendoline, is comin' out this month?"

LADY EVELYN CUTTING: "Really, Mrs. Potter! And what, may I ask, was she put in for?"

Members of the Australian Team

[The averages given below are those obtained in the five Test Matches played

Clem Hill
Average (10 innings) 27·6

S. E. Gregory
Average (8 innings) 23·6

F. Laver
Who will probably manage the Australian Team which is coming over

A. J. Hopkins
Average (10 innings) 17·4
Took 11 wickets for 26·8 runs apiece

R. A. Duff
Average (10 innings) 30·4

who will Play in England this Summer

in Australia last year of which England won three, and the Australians two

W. W. Armstrong
Average (6 innings) 20·8

M. A. Noble
Average (10 innings) 59·5
Took 16 wickets for 20·6 runs apiece

W. P. Howell
Took 14 wickets for 21 runs apiece

Victor Trumper
Average (10 innings) 63·7

J. J. Kelly
One of the finest wicket-keepers in the world

HE'D HAD ENOUGH

OFFICIOUS YOUTH: "Shall I find yer 'orse for yer, Guvnor?"
SPILLMORE: "Yes, but don't bring it here"

Photo by *Ballance*

Miss Bott winning the Lady's Grand National on the Cresta

TOBOGGANING FOR EXPERTS

Sport, Art, and Science, on the famous Cresta Run at St. Moritz

By WARD MUIR

The Cresta toboggan run at St. Moritz is, undoubtedly, one of the sights of Europe, if not of the world, and the first sight of it is a never-to-be-forgotten sensation. Leaving your hotel some cloudless morning, you start to tramp along a hard-beaten snow track in the direction in which you have been told the Cresta lies. Beneath your feet the dazzling snow is crisp, and squeaks loudly as you tread upon its myriad frozen particles. Overhead, the sky looks, in contrast, an unbelievably deep ultramarine, against which the peaks are clear-cut story. Every pine on the hillsides is outlined in the sharpest etched black; and here and there a sunburnt châlet, with wood-smoke rising straight from its chimney in the windless air, nestles beneath an icicle-hung rock. Each breath you take is an exquisite joy, for the atmosphere is as stimulating as fine champagne. It seems absurd on such a heavenly day as this to spend precious hours watching a mere toboggan race—almost wicked, in fact. You resolve, instead of seeking the Cresta, to explore some of the forest paths, and commune with nature.

The Music of the Rakes

But suddenly, close to you, through the thin air booms the tolling of a bell. Following it, comes an indescribable sound—a cross between a hiss and the vibration of a mandolin string, if this can be imagined—which rises near by, and swiftly dies away into the distance. Then silence: and presently the bell tolls once more, and once more the hiss ensues.

Curiosity prompts you to mount a small acclivity, to see what these strange noises may portend. At once you are in sight of the Cresta, and the mystery is solved. Whereupon—if you are not the most cold-blooded of mortals—all resolves for scenery

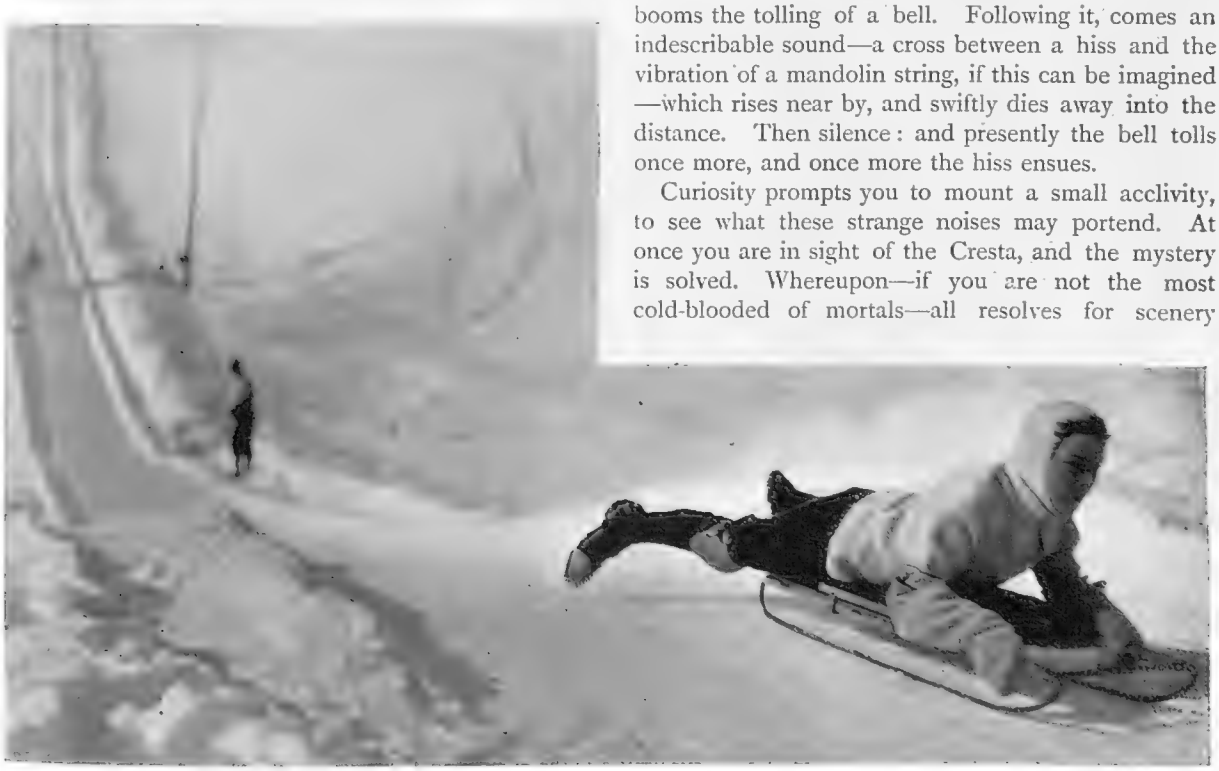


Photo by *Ballance*

A youthful tobogganer on the Cresta Run, St. Moritz

Note the steel teeth to his boots with which he steers. By dragging the right toe the tobogganer deflects his machine to the right, and *vice versâ*

ON THE CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ: THE FIRST THREE BANKS

Photo by Ballance

exploration promptly vanish, and you spend the remainder of the day with your eyes glued on the very sport which you had, a moment before, anathematised as a scandalous waste of time.

The hissing sound—which in clear weather may be heard at a distance of a mile or more—is that of the tobogganer's rakes, pressed against the surface of the run as he descends. With these rakes—steel teeth fixed to the toe of the boot—he brakes, if need be, and steers. By dragging the right toe, he deflects his machine to the right, and *vice versâ*. The slightest touch of either toe has its effect on the guidance of the toboggan. The screech of the rakes is one of the most distinctive and unforgettable features of the Cresta course.

A Sport, an Art, a Science

Nowhere is tobogganing taken so seriously as on the Cresta. Elsewhere, it is a joke—a lark—fun—a mere pastime. Here it is something more. It is a Sport, an Art, and a Science all rolled into one, and all *de luxe*. The machinery of the Cresta bears comparison with the machinery of a small railroad, and the staff which controls its workings are hardly less numerous than the porters, the signalmen, the level-crossing guardians which would be required for (say) a funiculaire of similar length.

Bear in mind that the Cresta is no mere "chute." You cannot stand at the top and look down a dwindling causeway of converging parallel lines till your eye arrives at the finish. St. Moritz tobogganers would scorn to ride a straight run. The whole point of the Cresta is that it is *not* straight, but winding. It is beset with corners from start to close; and two at least of those corners are almost, if not quite, right-angled. (These rejoice in the significant nicknames of Battledore and Shuttlecock.) Moreover, it is not made of snow, like the Klosters road run at Davos, but of ice. Snow, it is true, is its basis, but this basis is hard pressed, and sprinkled with water; and is as glass for smoothness, and as granite for unyieldingness.

Angles and Tangles

Each corner, as I explained in my last week's article on the Village Run, is banked in the same way as the curves of a cycle track are banked. But the Cresta tobogganer skims round curves at an angle which no "bike" could dare; and, moreover, the angles are not alike, and not all tilting in the same direction, as are those of the cyclist. Wherefore, it is evident that, if a minimum of bones are to be broken, these angles must be calculated to a nicety. Such, indeed, is the case. Every bank on the Cresta, every curve, is the fruit of years of trial and experience. An army of labourers, under the leadership of experts, build each yard of the course with tape-measures and theodolites; and the most loving care is devoted to the smallest change, the most trifling modification.

When built, the run requires constant attention. It must be patched at this worn point, planed down slightly at that lump, shaded by screens from the fiery sun at this corner, swept free of breeze-blown snow-flakes at that straight. Every day it needs some sort of tinkering; every day the gaitered, sunburnt troop of Swiss labourers are to be found working diligently at some point upon it.

Photo by *Ballance*

The signal post on the Cresta Run, where the track crosses the Post Road

By Telephone and Semaphore

When in use, it has to be even more carefully managed. It would never do to launch such imitation cannon-balls as the Cresta tobogganers down a trajectory, of which the end is invisible from the beginning, without some considerable precautions for their safety and that of the onlooking public. A system of telephones and semaphores has, therefore, been devised, and (it may be added) works to a marvel. On a hillock which overlooks the summit, and whence also the winning-post can clearly be seen, a sort of Eiffel tower has been erected; and, esconced here, the director of the sport can control every descent. It is from this tower that the bell already mentioned rings its warning—which announces to the whole valley that a tobogganer is about to start. Idiots who, after hearing the bell, persist in venturing over the course, have then only themselves to thank if they loose their nether limbs. Meanwhile, another guardian lower down the run has moved his semaphore to indicate "all clear." This second semaphore is really the most vital spot upon the Cresta, for here a main road crosses the run; and if a sleigh or horse were to be passing when a toboggan descended, the resulting catastrophe would be appalling.

Finally, the manager at the summit drops his flag, and the tobogganer has his permission to go. Bending over his machine, he runs for a yard or so, and then throws himself upon it face downwards, and whizzes off. About three minutes later a voice from the club-house announces that he has reached the finish, and that his "time" is so-and-so.

(*To be concluded in our next number.*)

OUR SHORT STORY

A Little Quarrel

By I. CLARKE

Illustrated by

A. K. MACDONALD

I REALLY cannot remember precisely the immediate cause of this particular quarrel, which occurred during the latter days of my engagement to Billy. Billy was the only and adored child of her widowed mother, who had at first bitterly resented my appearance upon the *tapis*, or rather, I should say, my entrance into the arena, so belligerent were many of our encounters.

It was a day in June. Billy and her mother were at this time established in a flat somewhere near the park, for I recollect looking disconsolately across its green sweep of grass and trees, and wondering vaguely why, with its very limited area, it should succeed in conveying an impression of endless blue distance. This English trick of landscape was occupying my thoughts when Billy, who showed every sign of irritation, accused me of inattention.

I told her that the bridesmaids were entirely her affair—that my only interest in them was to provide each one with an enamelled watch that probably wouldn't go, and that I did not care if they wore blue, pink, white, mauve, or green, or, indeed, a medley of all those hues. Billy retorted suitably, and in order to divert her thoughts from my shortcomings I produced a slip of paper on which my secretary had that morning drafted the formal announcement of our approaching marriage for insertion in the *Morning Post*.

"Will this do?" I enquired, proffering the paper with due humility.

"The marriage arranged between . . ." began Billy.

She threw it down on the table. I promptly secured it and put it back in my pocket.

"No marriage has been arranged," she said, "so it is hardly necessary to say that one will take place."

I had become accustomed to a good deal, but this was altogether beyond me.

"I never accepted you," she continued, "you must have . . . misunderstood——"

This amazing assertion bewildered me. I told her, however, that she had given me to understand——

"I am not responsible for your understanding or your imagination," said Billy, severely.

Now Billy is simply adorable when she looks severe. At this moment, her mother came into the room, and Billy, sure of a champion, instantly appealed to her.

I appealed to her, too. "Didn't she say 'yes'?"

"Mother—you know I never accepted him!"

"I wasn't in the room, dear," said Billy's mother, "but you said——"

"I told you all that happened," said Billy, interrupting.

"*All?*" I said sarcastically.

Billy became very red.

"The marriage arranged between . . ." began Billy

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"For instance, did you tell her what you told me about——?"

"Oh, she knows all that!" said Billy hastily.

"Or about—?"

"Of course I did!" said Billy.

"Don't quarrel, my dear children," said Billy's mother, and she went away and left us.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" said Billy.

"I'm very sorry," I said, beginning to get seriously alarmed, "but I wanted to put it in the paper. . . I thought now the day was fixed. . ."

"*I* didn't fix it," said Billy.

"No — it was my mistake," I admitted. "I am glad I came to ask you about it first. Graham wanted to send it in to-day."

"What were you going to put? Have you got it? I didn't read it, you know," said Billy.

It was her first sign of relenting. With my knowledge—now fairly profound of Billy's temperament—I had long regarded my ultimate and irrevocable banishment as a not improbable contingency.

"I am going away to burn it," I replied sorrowfully.

"Are you really?" said Billy.

"It's no use now you see," I remarked.

"But it might be—in the future," said Billy.

"I shall not think of marrying anyone else just yet," I said, "and in any case it could be written again."

"Let me see it," said Billy, holding out her hand.

I put my hand over my pocket. "No," I said.

"How horrid you are!" said Billy, beginning to cry.

Billy's crying always upsets me. I began to melt, but I did not want to give in too quickly. Billy cries charmingly. Her eyes shine, and the tip of her little white nose becomes pink.

"You are only playing with me," I said, in a dignified tone, and I moved towards the door.

"You are a . . . brute," sobbed Billy. "Go away—this moment, please! I don't believe you ever cared for me! I'm glad I'm not going to marry you. I wish I'd never said I would!"

"Oh, then you did say it?" I remarked calmly.

She saw her slip. "Only because you looked so miserable when I began to say 'no'! You—forced me to say it . . . you're always unfair!"

I relented. "Then will you say it again, Billy dear?"

"No . . . no."

"Then good-bye!" I said.

She stopped crying, and followed me to the door.

"Darling," she said, "let me see the paper!"

I let her put her hand into my pocket, and she fished it out.

"There's something more," she said.

"Yes," I said, "I believe I did bring something for you."

Woman-like, she opened the little parcel first.

"Oh!" said Billy, "you are a dear."

She put the little diamond heart I had given her on a long gold chain she wore. Then she opened the paper, and read aloud:

> The marriage arranged between John Gaveston and Wilhelmina (Billy), only child of Mrs. Clavering, The Wilderness, Stormsea, will take place on June 23rd at . . .

"Our names look nice together," she said reflectively.

"Very nice," I admitted.

"And it would look nice in print. . . "

"So it would," I said.

"Then you might, perhaps—" said Billy.

And I did.

"You are a brute!" sobbed Billy

I let her put her hand into my pocket, and she fished it out

Parisiana :

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

AT THE TAVERNE LORRAINE

By JOHN F. MACDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY "YAK"

Recently, in my wanderings, I have come upon a young but supremely supercilious American, who, seated continuously on the terraces of cafés, is for ever proclaiming the tremendous intelligence that he is engaged upon a book. This is Mr. Silas Tod (his real name is still more reprehensible) of Boston, and the book he advertises so unblushingly is to be a "reg'lar livin'" picture of Paris and the Parisians, Paris from the point of view of Mr. Silas Tod, in fact. "Realism and psychology"—and, if necessary, plain uncomplimentary truths. "Nothing," declares Mr. S. Tod, "will go down that I haven't seen with my own eye." But rather watery are the eyes of Silas Tod when he turns them upon me—watery, no doubt, from so much exposure on café terraces, and perhaps, also, from grog Américain and beer.

Disappointed with Paris

"And how," I ask respectfully, "do you like Paris, Mr. Tod?"

"Disappointed in it," he replies. "It has been over-estimated." And then proceeds to pay glowing tributes to life under the Empire—at which period, by the way, the world had no Silas Tod. And speaks rather incoherently of Opera balls, and the Maison Dorée, and grisettes, and brilliant, wonderful courtesans, and veritable Bohemian students, and concludes by declaring that with the proclamation of the Republic, Paris ceased to be "entertaining" and "elegant."

"I have been all over the city," he sighs. "There can't be many café terraces that I haven't visited; and my eye has been open all the time. But Paris strikes me sort of sad."

"What of the Latin Quarter?" I inquire.

And Mr. S. Tod scathingly exclaims :

"The Quarter! The Quarter! Why, there ain't no Quarter. It's dead; stone dead."

* * * * *

Din in the Taverne Lorraine

Heavens, the din!

Here, in the Taverne Lorraine, hundreds of students of the Latin Quarter; smoking, drinking, chanting choruses, playing billiards, and now and then calling upon the tzigane band to strike up the "Marseillaise." Packed, is the Lorraine, not a vacant table in the gallery that runs round the tavern, and not a vacant table below. And the waiters flying, and the stout proprietor clapping his hands to make them fly faster; and, moving from table to table, a flower woman, a man with monkey-nuts, an olive merchant, and a negro with nougat, all of whom are on friendly terms with the good Bohemians of the Latin Quarter. Veritable sombreros, and heavy sticks, and flowing cloaks, have the good Bohemians; and they are terribly garrulous and animated to-night over the crime of a certain professor, who, in one of his addresses, spoke disrespectfully of Jeanne d'Arc, France's most splendid heroine. So—à bas the professor. Also—into the Seine with the professor. A din of voices, sticks, and glasses directed against the professor. An agreement to promenade the streets of Paris to-morrow, to "conspuer" the professor. And then a deputation to the tzigane band, which plays in the centre of the tavern. And again, the

One of the ladies—a rather elderly Mim.—is trying to cheer up a solitary student

"Marseillaise," chanted loudly and enthusiastically in honour of the sublime, the incomparable Jeanne D'Arc,—France's most glorious heroine.

The Ladies of the Latin Quarter

Present, too, of course, are the ladies of the Latin Quarter; the Mimis and Musettes of the "Vie de Bohême," who also join in the singing and also have a startling appetite for olives and nougat. Never are they coarse, never are they vulgar; theirs is a spontaneous gaiety, pleasant to hear and pleasant to look upon. One of them—a rather elderly Mimi—is trying to cheer up a solitary student (the only solitary student), who, with his cloak falling off his shoulders, sits smoking his pipe at a little round table. He owes much rent; the concierge bullies him: the situation is melancholy and painful. But the elderly Mimi smiles upon him, and tells him how to pacify the concierge, and warmly declares that there is not a good Bohemian in the place who could display a ceipt for last quarter's rent. So—à bas his ncierge. Also—into the Seine with the ncierge. And the proposition from the derly Mimi that a band of students should rt at once for the concierge's lodge, and ere hoot and shake their heavy sticks at im.

Dark and Greasy Tziganists

Now, a cake-walk from the orchestra; and ke-walking upstairs in the gallery. All es and all smiles are the tziganists: dark, easy, fatuous men, who assume the rangest attitudes as they play and break it occasionally into odd little choruses. Hungarians, I suppose. Anyhow, their usic is exhilarating; and they themselves, with their smiles and affected glances and mazing movements, make an amus g pectacle. In the intervals, they "pose," nd smoke cigarettes, and nibble nougat. And at this point, as I look round the tavern, I perceive that nougat is universally popular. Olives, too, are being tasted. Indeed, veritable meals are going on, with this menu of three courses: olives, monkey-nuts, nougat. No wines, sparkling or otherwise. Only, beer.

Cheers, and once again the "Marseillaise;" and this particular demonstration is in honour of a band of twenty students who have been hooting the professor boldly on the grands boulevards, and who enter into the procession with lanterns attached to their sticks. A great ovation, for the band of twenty. And bocks. And olives, and monkey-nuts, and nougat. Louder and louder, the din. New arrivals being turned away: there being scarcely standing room in the tavern. And when I rise to go, a dozen students are delivering speeches from different corners, and the band is playing a stirring march, and everyone is singing and laughing and hooting and cheering.

The Tziganists—dark, greasy, fatuous men, who assume the strangest attitudes as they play

Home to Bed

One o'clock in the morning, as I walk up the Boulevard St. Michel. Not much exhilaration there, for the chief place of rendezvous in the Latin Quarter is the Taverne Lorraine. However, on the terrace of a café, I spy Mr. Silas Tod of Boston. Very watery are his eyes, and very sour is his expression.

"I've been here on this terrace since eleven," he says, disgustedly, and my eye has been open all the time."

"I hope, Mr. Tod," I reply, "that you have collected brilliant material for your book."

"Ain't seen a thing," he declares, most nasally. "And yet folk talk of the Quarter! Why, there ain't no Quarter. It's dead; stone dead. To put it plain: it's the deadest part of the whole city."

J. F. M

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Professional and Amateur Play in 1904

One of the most distinct characteristics of the past year is the unquestioned superiority of professional to amateur play. This fact gives abundant food for reflection to the enquiring student. From what causes springs this immense superiority? On the surface of things there appears no good reason why the amateur of the present day should not be, at all points, the equal of his professional compeer. It is easy to understand why the professional of olden days was always the better player. Until comparatively recent years amateurs only played golf at holiday times, and practically only got continuous practice during the summer vacation. But nowadays the amateur plays during the year probably just as frequently as the professional, and, in the words of the old Scotch caddie, the only difference between them is that the amateur "gets muckle mair to eat and to drink."

Superiority of Professionals

I do not say that a picked amateur such as Mr. Graham, Mr. Ball, Mr. Maxwell, or Mr. Hutchinson may not, on his day, be able to hold the best of the professors, but in a match over several links, say four, I do not think you would find much money put on the chance of the very best amateur against either Vardon, Braid, Taylor, or White. I am now taking the very pick of the bunch on either side. But when you extend your survey you find the discrepancy increasing, and the returns of the Open Championship of recent years show us the amateurs *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* of the professionals; in other words, for every amateur there are twenty professionals equal, if not superior, to the very best gentleman player. Now, as I say, there is no inherent reason in the nature of things why this should be so. I have been puzzling my brains a good deal to get at a satisfactory cause for this result. By "satisfactory" I mean satisfying to the understanding, for the result is not by any means satisfactory in any other sense. Amateurs study the game as closely and methodically as any professional. Tons of literature have been written and printed by various eminent experts showing us all how every stroke should be played. The leading amateurs get as much and as constant practice as any professional. The reason cannot, therefore, lie in any lack of opportunity for play, nor, indeed, in any shortcoming in enthusiasm or desire to excel. It must lie deeper than that.

The Reasons For It

I think Mr. Hilton was on the right track when he suggested as a possible cause of amateur inferiority the fact that amateurs rarely play with men of superior calibre to themselves. Take the case of the professionals. The leading men among them are constantly being pitted against one another for substantial prizes, and their game is therefore receiving the needed stimulus of professional rivalry. This has been more especially the case since the institution of the various competitions under the auspices of the Professional Association. Rarely, if ever, does a professional engage in a merely friendly match with another man of his own standing. Contrast with this state of affairs the case of the leading amateurs. Except in a few cases of large clubs, such as the Royal and Ancient, the Honourable Company, Hoylake, and a few others, the leading amateur of a district has no one of his own calibre to contend with. Even if there be such a man, the games between them are just friendly matches, and have none of the concomitants of a big match for a stake with a gallery watching the players, and great issues depending on the result. I do not for a moment wish to be understood as suggesting anything so hideous as matches for big stakes between amateurs; I am merely examining the conditions for the sake of discovering a cause.

Spartan Professionals

Condition of life, too, must, I fancy, tell in favour of the professional. His method of living is on a much simpler scale than that of the amateur. Apart from his playing, he has a great deal to do in connection with the conservation of the links to which he is attached, so that when the evening comes he is only too happy to get to rest in preparation for the next day's work. The whole of his life tends, therefore, to keep him in that state of training which is eminently fitted for the production, at any moment, of the best golf in him. It is hardly necessary for me to paint the amateur side of the picture. Very few amateurs can be induced to train themselves, even for such an event as the Amateur Championship. Some refrain from inherent modesty, fearing that if they are seen to be preparing earnestly for a great event they may be presumed to fancy their chance too much. Others cannot be bothered to give time or trouble, or to relax from their favourite pursuit of nicotine and Bridge in stuffy card-rooms in the evening. Then, too, quite naturally, the amateur looks on the game as a mere pastime, and does not feel called upon to give up all other favourite amusements for the sake of winning a great competition. He knows that most of his fellow-amateur competitors are in the same boat as himself, and he is contented to take his chance of producing his best game when needed. American strenuousness has not yet permeated the ranks of our amateurs, and I doubt very much whether it ever will.

Ernest Lehmann

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The West Kent

The name of Mr. John Warde is so constantly recurring as the founder of this or that country that the modern reader may be excused for some little incredulity as to this great man's exploits. Still it seems pretty certain that the West Kent country had its inception when the squire of Squerries, which is near Westerham, was in residence at his own place, that is about fifty years before he resigned the Craven Mastership. In 1793 two packs existed in the country, one of them being kennelled at Sydenham. The pack which now occupies the Otford kennels is descended from Mr. Armstrong's hounds, some of which were bought by Mr. Stratford in 1858, soon after which date the Hon. Ralph Nevill first became identified with the executive. Mr. Nevill did more for fox-hunting in Kent than even Mr. Meynell did in Leicestershire. Up till 1870 his country included what is now known as the Eridge, and the Hundred of Hoo as well; indeed, the Woodland division, as it was called before Lord George Nevill established the Eridge country in 1880, was practically controlled by Mr. Ralph Nevill, with Mr. L. E. Bligh, his nephew, as Deputy-Master and huntsman. Mr. Nevill finally retired in 1891, being succeeded by Colonel Warde, M.P., who was in due course followed by Mr. R. Stewart Saville, Lord George Nevill, and Mr. W. Baker White.

The Present Master

Mr. W. Gore Lambarde, into whose capable hands the country passed at the end of last season, has the distinction of being the first gentleman huntsman, if Mr. Bligh's auxiliary service be excluded, in the annals of the West Kent Hunt. It is not an easy country to handle hounds in, woodlands being large and frequent, while foxes do not abound to such an extent as to make amends for its natural shortcomings. Still, Mr. Lambarde has set to work vigorously, and there is little doubt but that he will overcome many of the difficulties which the country presents, should he be induced to retain the Mastership for a sufficient period. Though the whole of the country is easily commanded from London, its sylvan character does not tempt many excursionists to attend the meets. Consequently, there is no secrecy about the fixtures, and an adequate subscription list is maintained

The West Kent Foxhounds: The Master, Mr. W. Gore Lambarde

THE WEST KENT FOXHOUNDS: THE PACK

The West Kent Foxhounds: Scene in Penshurst Village on the morning of a meet

without collections in the field. With all its drawbacks, the country is one where excellent sport could be enjoyed, were the material more plentiful, for it carries a very fair scent, and, though wire is not unknown, there is but little to impede a tolerably constant view of hounds when at work.

A Pleasant Paucity

Though, doubtless, more impending changes will be announced before the end of the month (February 1 being generally recognised as the limit for giving notice), a very sparse crop of resignations marked the

The West Kent Foxhounds: At the covert-side

beginning of the new year. Mr. Nigel Baring is said to be retiring from the Duhallow country, and as he has hunted it most liberally, besides being most popular with the residents, the news has been received with universal regret. Whoever may be Mr. Baring's successor, it is to be hoped that the policy of keeping the pack up to a high standard will be sustained. The announcement of Mr. Arthur Wilson's withdrawal from the control of the Holderness country comes as no surprise, for twenty-seven years have elapsed since he came forward, by no means a young man, to extricate the country from a rather difficult position. That he acquitted himself with success is certain, and his successor will find, not only a capital pack of hounds in the kennels, but the whole country well supplied with foxes. The low-lying districts of the Holderness and the Essex Roothings are always considered the best plough countries in England, and of the two the former is the more open.

Irish Notes

Mr. Watson, in the Meath country, saw the old year out and ushered in its successor with brilliant sport, his day at Agher standing out as one of the best of the season. Creemore supplied the best item, a four-mile point to Boylan's Gorse, and done in twenty-five minutes. In the course of a run from Moyglare, with the Meath, the Chief Secretary's horse difficulty about foxes has been satisfactorily adjusted. The Fitzwilliam Hounds brought off a tremendous run on the 7th inst. from Abbot's Ripton, which is not generally regarded as the cream of the country. Forcing their fox, however, through such strongholds as Wennington, Monk's, and Aversley Woods, hounds emerged on to a more open tract, and racing past Steeple Gidding, killed him handsomely near Winwick. Such a performance reflects the greatest credit on Barnard, the huntsman, for no hounds could have achieved it without perfect condition.

Photo by *Shrubsole*

Salmon Fishing on Glen Lough, Co. Donegal

The Earl of Leitrim, the owner of Glen Lough, has granted free fishing to all visitors in the neighbourhood possessed of an ordinary rod license. Glen Lough is a splendid fishing water for salmon and ground trout

Stray Notes

The amount of money necessary for commencing work on the new kennels of the Quorn having been subscribed, an early start will now be made. It is to be hoped that the members of the Quorn field will desist from riding down their Master for the rest of the season, as his supervision will no doubt be necessary to make the new buildings perfectly adapted to requirements. Tom Carr's retirement from the post of huntsman to the North Warwickshire will be much deplored; though he first carried the horn as long ago as 1883, Carr is still a comparatively young man, and it was hoped on his return to the country, after a short absence, that a long term of duty was before him. From the Eastbourne country comes the welcome news that the little fell and got wedged in a ditch, much to the delight of the inevitable pedestrians; luckily, however, the animal was rescued without any injury or much delay. In most of the other Irish countries, scent has improved considerably of late. Lord Fitzwilliam's have been doing much better; the Carnew day, when the bitch pack ran a Cronyhorn fox for fifty-three minutes and killed him, and one hour and ten minutes with the dog hounds with a Donishall fox, are only two instances of consistently good sport with this first-rate pack. The Muskerry, too, have broken the spell of bad luck which had befallen them, though, but for defective earth-stopping, sport would have been still better. News of a great run comes from King's County, hounds running a Coolderry fox to Slieve Blooms, five miles away. Once

Mr. S. Death's "Duly Despatched"—winner of Barbican Cup

Mr. F. Alexander's "Age of Gold"—the runner-up for Barbican Cup

COURSING AT FARCET FEN

among the mountains, the field had to abandon pursuit, but the pack went on to Morton's Grove, Glenmoon, and Clondeglass, killing their fox at Lacca Manor, after making a twelve-mile point.

Coursing on Farcet Fen

Farcet Fen, a few miles south of Peterborough, has just been the scene of a highly successful coursing meeting. It is an ideal place for the sport, hares being plentiful, while their stoutness can be gauged by the fact that on the first day, when a huge number of courses were run, only twenty were killed. Modelled on Waterloo programmes, the events of the Farcet Fen meeting consist of the Barbican Cup (which is given by the proprietor of the well-known greyhound mart in the City) and two lesser events for dogs beaten in the first and second rounds. There was a full entry of sixty-four for the Cup, and the victor proved to be Mr. S. S. Death's Duly Despatched, who, in the final round, somewhat easily disposed of Mr. F. Alexander's Age of Gold. Mr. C. Brown's Bailie Brown won the Purse, and Mr. H. Hardy's Henry the First took the Plate. Some of the best-known coursing men acted as stewards of the meeting, and Mr. R. A. Brice was the judge, while the all-important duties of slipper were entrusted to W. Souch. To drive the hares towards the slipper, nearly a hundred men and boys were employed, and of the numerous courses run off at the meeting, nearly all gave satisfactory results. Everyone present agreed that it was the greatest reunion ever held on the Fen.

Coursing at Farcet Fen

"Duly Despatched," the winner (on right), and "Age of Gold," runner-up, in the slips for the Barbican Cup. W. Souch is the slipper

The Whirl of the Town in New York

Photo by *Peirce and Jones*

A Motor-Trolly full of lively American girls in Madison Square Gardens

The Hall of a Thousand Cars

The Paris Salon past, the big Olympia Show claims attention. As it lasts but a week, from February 10th to the 18th, all good motorists should book the date now. The Society of Motor Manufacturers, who have taken huge Olympia for the purpose, are doing it well. The whole of the interior fittings have been removed, the floor repaved with limestone and tar, while Maples have installed a big additional electric light plant of 160,000 candle-power. Bright with polish and paint, well organised, and accessible, Olympia promises to be the world's best, biggest, and brightest Motor Show.

When to Show

In the issue of this paper for December 14, in connection with the Paris Salon, I remarked that:

The time that the Frenchmen choose for their Automobile Salon is undoubtedly a good one, and I cannot help thinking that from many points of view, it would be better if our big Olympia Show opened late in November or early in January. Leaving it till February results, in many cases, in delay in delivering the cars. Many a buyer actually orders at the Show, and he must have more chance of receiving his car at the beginning of the fine weather if the manufacturer receives his order at the end of December or early in January.

In this connection the following letter, which I have just received from Mr. S. F. Edge, shows that my suggestion is bearing fruit:

January 5, 1905.

To the Editor.

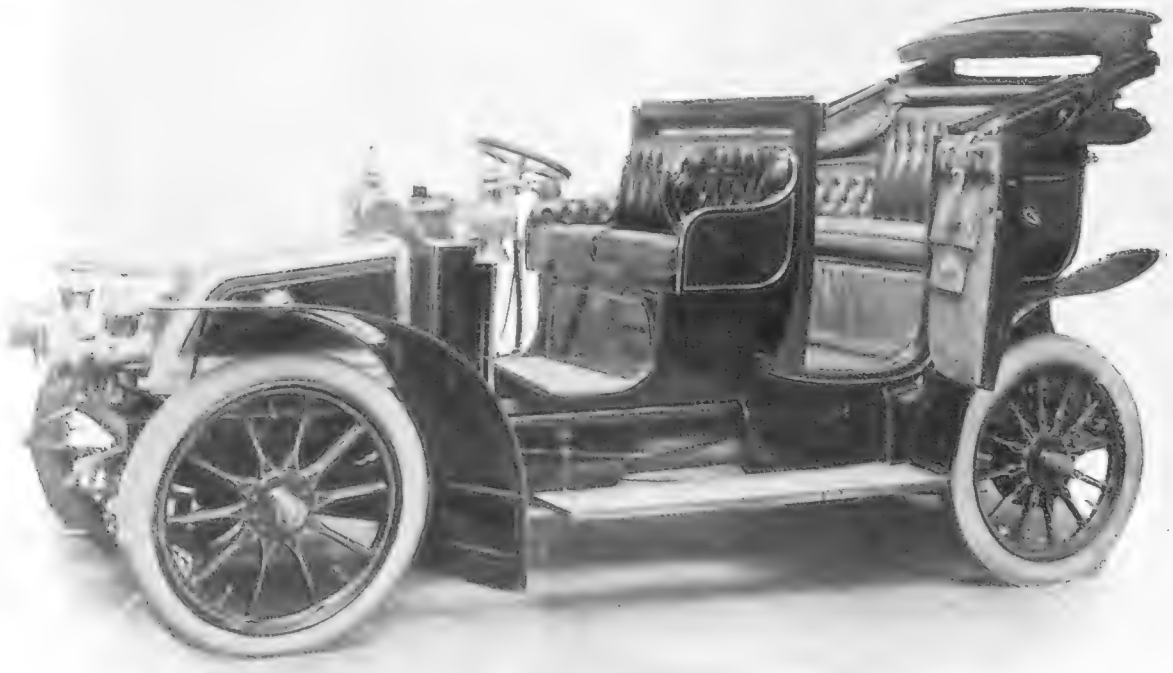
DEAR SIR,—I think it would be of interest if you called for the opinion of the leading British motor firms as to the advisability of the English Motor Show being held in November, 1905, instead of being carried over to January-February, 1906. I feel certain it would be to the interest of everyone, both manufacturers and buyers, that the coming season's models should be shown each year not later than November. This gives customers time to make up their minds to settle what they will buy, and enables the manufacturers to be well forward with their work.

I may say that if the trade societies elect to continue to play into the hands of the foreigners by holding their Shows in this country in the spring, instead of in November, of each year, my own firm, and as many of my friends as I can influence, will support a Show that will be held about November, 1905.

Yours truly,

S. F. EDGE.

The French makers have had, and still have, many advantages over our own manufacturers. Anything that tends to level things up is, therefore, worthy of serious consideration.



A good example of the fashionable landaulette type

The body of this car was built by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberley, to the order of Mrs. Dudley Scott, of Erchfont Manor, Devizes

Photo by] **Olympia cleared for action** [*Topical Agency*

Getting ready for the great Motor Show which commences February 10

French Fairness! The Automobile Club of France has published the conditions governing the *Grand Prix Internationals*. This race they propose to run on the same day, and in conjunction with the Gordon Bennett contest, over the Auvergne Circuit in the last week in June. Forty-two cars will be permitted to take part in the race, as follows: France, fifteen; England, six; Germany, six; while Austria, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and America, will only be allowed three cars each. The first prize offered in the race will be 100,000 francs. This scheme, which emanates from the French Club, threatens to overshadow the Gordon Bennett Cup race. It favours French chances, and introduces the great danger of too many competitors. If the clubs of other nations are weak enough to agree to this one-sided arrangement, a repetition of the ill-fated Paris-Madrid *course* is not only possible, but probable.

The De Dion License Here are two more letters on the interesting subject of the De Dion license:

To the Editor.

Re De Dion-Bouton Cars

DEAR SIR,—In further reference to the letter of Messrs. De Dion-Bouton, Limited (London), in your issue of the 11th inst., we would like to point out that Mr. Stocks' remark, "We understand that during the coming year the owners of the patents will be taking action against practically every solvent user of an unlicensed De Dion Car in this country," is a threat which is THREE YEARS old, during which time the London agents have continually "talked," in fact shouted, the same old story about the pains and penalties hanging, "like the sword of Damocles," over the heads of everyone owning a De Dion Car NOT purchased from them.

To anyone of ordinary intelligence this points to one of two things, or perhaps both, viz.: the holders of the alleged patent rights have "no case" whatever, or are afraid of meeting with the same fate that befel them in the celebrated Maybach Carburettor case, which was decided against them.

We sell these cars at prices considerably lower than the London agents, and the public are more interested in buying in the cheapest market than they are in the petty quarrels between the various firms dealing in De Dion-Bouton Cars.

As regards the money the London agents have spent in advertising the cars, we venture to express the opinion that by superior workmanship and high efficiency alone have these cars won fame for themselves, and that no amount of advertising could have helped them had they been constructed of indifferent material or with faulty design.

In conclusion, we would like to say that, if the London agents would sell the cars at the same reasonable rates as the "outsider" can and does, they could command the market. But they apparently want a monopoly, so that they can charge monopoly prices and dictate their own terms; but the British public are gradually learning that it is not necessary to pay a fancy price if they wish to purchase any well-known make of car, such as a De Dion.

Yours faithfully,
For the LANCASTER MOTOR GARAGE,
A. F. KING, Manager.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your correspondence on the subject of the De Dion Cars, I, personally, some months ago, bought a two-speed 6 h.-p De Dion Car from Messrs. De Dion-Bouton, Ltd. This car cost me very nearly £250. The car not suiting my purposes, I decided to sell it and buy a three-speed car of the same make. I have actually bought a three-speed De Dion Car with all the latest improvements from the Lancaster Motor Garage for a less price than I paid for the old car. I cannot see why any man should be such a fool as to go to Messrs. De Dion-Bouton, Ltd., when he can get identically the same article at the L. M. G. for 17 per cent. less. I have nothing to say against the make of car, I only complain of having been induced to buy at a fancy price for the benefit of a particular

firm. Why not treat the public fairly? If a car can be sold at a reasonable price, why not do so? I enclose my card, and remain,

Yours faithfully,
STILL A DE DIONITE.

A Real Test

A reliability trial of 5,000 miles, held under the new, stringent, and severe conditions of the Automobile Club, is, from the public point of view, about as good a test of a car as it is possible to imagine. Such a prolonged trial is, however, expensive, but in the event of a manufacturer's car successfully undergoing the ordeal, public appreciation should reward him and encourage other makers to come forward, to be judged by hard facts. The 12 h.-p. Siddeley now undergoing a 5,000 miles' test has concluded its first 1,000 miles without any involuntary stops other than punctures. The buffers on the back springs were adjusted in the club garage on Wednesday evening—otherwise nothing on the car has been touched.

POINTS

The corners, bends, loops, and S-shaped turns in the Auvergne Circuit will thoroughly test both the car and the drivers. In the absence of tyre troubles, the coveted Gordon Bennett Cup will go to the car which possesses the greatest powers of "picking up" and getting going quickly.

* * *

In connection with the Gordon Bennett race, M. Fritz Opel's observations on great speed are interesting: "Travelling about fifty miles an hour (he remarks), one is comfortable, and, watch in hand, one can clock the pace; above that speed, it is impossible to know whether one is moving at sixty or eighty miles an hour. Very high speeds, too, are hardly pleasant, for the air-pressure produces a sensation of discomfort, necessitating well-fitting goggles and ear-protectors."

* * *

Motor 'buses are much in evidence just now, and last Thursday the first official trial of such a vehicle by the Automobile Club was begun. The car to be tested is a Straker Squire 24 h.-p. double-decked omnibus. It is fitted with solid rubber Sirdar tyres, and is to cover 100 miles a day for twenty consecutive days.

Trapped While Standing Still

No fresh traps have been reported to me this week, but, alas! I have been caught myself *standing still*. My front number plate got bent, and, in trying to straighten it, the enamel flaked off, rendering the number almost illegible. I was on my way to see the manager of the Darracq Company, and decided to have it put right there. Leaving the car outside their premises in Oxford Street, I went in, and, while chatting to the manager, the man in charge of the car came up to say that a policeman wanted to see me. I came out and found a young and zealous member of the force. He told me that he had been timing the car, that it had stood there twenty-one minutes, and that the front number was illegible. Explanations were useless; he demanded my license, took my name and address, and informed me that a summons would be issued. Bearing in mind that there was very little traffic in Oxford Street at the time, and that the back number was perfectly legible, such police action is sheer nonsense, bordering on idiocy.

Alfred C. Hunter

Up-to-date Traction: One of the new omnibuses now being put on the road by the London General Omnibus Company, Ltd.

Rugby Football: Public Schoolboys at Richmond

"THE REST" DEFEAT LONDON SCHOOLS BY 17 POINTS TO 3

London Schoolboys v. The Rest at Richmond

It was a capital idea on the part of the Richmond Athletic Association to arrange for the holidays a series of public schoolboys' Rugby football matches. Schoolboy athletes are always worth watching, for, even when they are lacking in some of those finer points which are born of experience, they are second to none in the matter of earnestness. Whole-hearted enthusiasm is not, however, their sole recommendation. Schoolboys have played in International matches, and played remarkably well. A good many years ago, when H. H. Taylor missed his train, and could not play for England against Scotland, F. T. Wright, who was then at Fettes, was given the half-back position, and he thoroughly justified his selection. W. R. Richardson, the present secretary of the Royal St. George's Golf Club, was also an International half-back in his Manchester schooldays, and, only last season, J. G. Milton, of Bedford Grammar School, was one of the best of the English forwards. In few sports do schoolboys compare so favourably with "old boys" as in Rugby football. In response to the Richmond Athletic Association's invitation, which was sent to thirty-four schools, fifty players sent in their names, and the third match, which took place on Tuesday, the 10th inst., produced an interesting display of football. London Schools *v.* The Rest was the title of the contest, and The Rest team, which was drawn from ten schools, proved successful by one goal and four tries to one try. For the winners, W. J. Cheesman, of Merchant Taylors, gave a capital display at half, and all the three-quarters were sound. The chief strength of the side, however, lay in the forwards, who controlled the scrum, and played with great dash in the loose. W. Foss, an Eastbourne forward, gained two of the tries, and A. G. Smith (Uppingham), R. S. Wade (Dulwich), and H. G. May (Sherborne), each got over once. G. P. Jordan (Dulwich) scored the only try for London. The circumstance of each side being chosen from a large number of schools affected the combination, but if a match could be arranged between two such schools as Bedford Grammar and Ley's, both of whom have shown brilliant form this season, proof of the rising generation's ability to play the passing game would assuredly be forthcoming.

London Schoolboys tackling The Rest

Photos exclusive to A line out *The Bystander*

A leave-breaker being brought aboard a warship

It is interesting to note the part the land police play in cases of this kind. Descriptions of men who break their leave are circulated round police stations in the neighbourhood, and these often result in smart captures being made by the local men in blue. The constable who effects the capture is rewarded by the sum of £1, which is stopped out of the delinquent's pay. Jack, however, is occasionally too smart for his captor, and he has been known to jump overboard and swim to the warship to avoid being "brought" aboard

MATTERS MUSICAL

"Rediscovered" Wagner

The much-advertised first performances of the three "new" Wagner overtures took place at Queen's Hall at the annual New Year's concert, and, personally, I could not help thinking that it was, in some ways, a pity that they had not been allowed to remain "undiscovered." Though it is interesting to some people to endeavour to trace the growth of genius from the early work of subsequent masters, it seems as unkind to parade these early efforts of Wagner's genius as it is to include certain sonatas which are not unknown to one or two schoolgirls in a volume of Beethoven's pianoforte works. The "Polonia" overture is certainly the most interesting of the three, as it is also the earliest. "Christopher Columbus" is not without its moments of inspiration, but no self-respecting Englishman could approve, for a moment, the Teutonic medley which seems to have been known to Wagner by the name of "Rule Britannia." The last two are an interminable while finishing, and the ear is tantalised by the large number of perfect cadences, after which the theme makes a fresh start, apparently but little impaired in vigour. It recalls too vividly certain grim tales of our youth relating to an execution at which the axe was not as sharp as it should have been. The performance was not of the best, and some of the brass, in particular, was very shaky, especially in the conspicuous figure in "Christopher Columbus."

Photo by *Langfier*

Mr. John Philip Sousa

Who is now holding a winter campaign (with his band) at Queen's Hall

The Pernicious Influence of Musical Comedy

Since I delivered myself of a mild protest about the futility of musical comedy, I have been afforded an opportunity of hearing one of the latest productions of that nature, and came away feeling profoundly depressed. When the Savoy closed its stage door against those whom one remembers a year or two back as prime favourites with the musical public, these same gifted ones took refuge, as was to be expected, under more hospitable roofs. But why they should, apparently, one and all, take a covenant to forsake the wholesome practice of their former life, and thenceforward, instead of singing, drone their "songs" through their respective noses, is an unexplained mystery. Such is the fact, however, and it is pitiable to see these people, who have proved themselves in the past to be artists of rare abilities, served out one apiece with boring ditties, having never a graceful turn or piece of melody to recommend them, the which they must perforce chant in the approved musical comedy style. Will not some manager, with a little enterprise, come forward and deliver them (and us) from the unpleasant obligations of our present positions?

Sousa and His Band

Amongst the movable feasts of the Queen's Hall calendar, the periodical visits of Mr. J. P. Sousa seem to be of absorbing interest to many people. The news that the famous band had again arrived, "with new marches and the same Sousa," attracted a large number of distinguished Americans, including the Ambassador, to his opening concert last week. His programme was, for him, strangely classical, but that did not prevent him from rushing headlong into encores (of his own) almost before they were demanded. If an English conductor were to behave in like manner, he would be accused of insufferable conceit, but, as in other matters, the fact that the whole "institootion" is American is cited as sufficient excuse for any little eccentricities of this nature. John Bull shrugs his good-natured shoulders, and says, "Oh, well, it must be the American method." Americans, as a nation, have never been credited with an excess of musical capability, and, judging from the musical standard of Mr. Sousa and his band, this is scarcely to be wondered at. In America it is customary (purely as a matter of business advertisement) to laud everything—good, bad, and indifferent—to such an extent, that amongst the vast mass of fiction it is a difficult matter to isolate the small particle of truth. The result is, that people do the easiest thing: credit that which is most advertised with the greatest virtue. This is a possible explanation of his popularity. Mr. Sousa appears to be haunted by one terrible fear: that you should die and not hear his band. Unhappy public! be warned in time! Think of the fearful risk you run!

Go and hear him by all means, but do not go expecting to hear refined and intellectual music, for you will surely be disappointed.

H. F.

Corrected Impressions

A SAD LITTLE STORY OF THE STAGE

THE NURSERY

THE MOTHER: Isn't she wonderful?

THE VISITOR: The darling! What is she doing?

THE MOTHER: Oh, come, now, you must see—don't you? (*Doris is walking up and down the nursery, wrapped in a table cloth.*)

VISITOR: I'm afraid I'm stupid to-day, dear. What is it?

THE MOTHER: (*in a proud whisper*): She's playing Joan of Arc.

VISITOR: Of course. Why, there's the Ark!

THE MOTHER (*pityingly*): No, my dear; Joan, not Noah.

VISITOR: Of course. How stupid I am!

THE DRAWING ROOM

DORIS (*aged sixteen*): Mother, I'm sure I could act.

MOTHER: It's a Voice!

FATHER: Miranda, what the deuce do you mean?

MOTHER: It's an inspiration, dear.

FATHER: Don't stuff the girl's head with nonsense.

DORIS: Sooner than be one of the fluffy idiots, who go to "At Homes" and Picture Galleries, I'll——

MOTHER: There, dear, we'll wait and see.

The Psychology of Truth

"Ach! You tell me you haf been to Petersbourg to make me think you go to Mosgow, when I know you go to Mosgow all der dime. Liar!"

THE DRAWING ROOM

DORIS (*aged nineteen, reciting*): "Ah! it was bitter cold," etc.

THE MOTHER (*whispers*): There, Mr. Montague—isn't she a genius?

MR. MONTAGUE (*who has dined well*): She aint a bad-looking girl.

THE MOTHER: With such a voice.

THE FATHER (*to himself*): With that voice!

THE MOTHER: Couldn't you give her a good part, Mr. Montague?

MR. MONTAGUE: I'll do what I can. (*Doris is still reciting.*)

THE MOTHER: Doris! Mr. Montague will do what he can.

DORIS: Oh, Mr. Montague!!"

THE STAGE OF THE CROWN THEATRE

HER FIRST APPEARANCE

DORIS (*aged twenty*) enters: I am—I am—Hold, awful Fear. I am—I am! Hold, awful——(*cries*) I am—Hold——(*hurried exit*).

THE STALLS OF THE CROWN THEATRE

THE MOTHER (*weeping*): Oh, Cuthbert, have we made a mistake?

THE FATHER: We!!

THE PIT OF THE CROWN THEATRE

"Boo! Boo!!"

AT HOME

DORIS (*aged twenty-one*): My dear, the stage is a dreadful profession—not fit for ladies.

THE ADORER: I quite agree with you, darling.

DORIS: So I gave it up as soon as I saw what it was.

THE ADORER: Best thing you could do.

DORIS: Shall I sing to you, dear.

THE ADORER: If music be the what's a name of love, please do. (*She does.*)

THE STUDY—SAME EVENING

THE FATHER: I say, Miranda, you'd better stop that.

THE MOTHER: Stop what?

THE FATHER: The dear girl's voice.

THE MOTHER: Cuthbert, I know you are cruel only to be kind, but I don't think you understand Doris.

THE FATHER: I hesitate to allude to the Stage.

THE MOTHER: Cuthbert!—(*she cries*)—I suppose I'm silly.

(*Enter the Adorer, nervously*)

THE ADORER: Sir, may I—I wish to——

THE FATHER: There — there, bless you my children. (*In a whisper*) Keep her off the Stage.

THE ADORER: You may count on me, sir.

(*Had they known it, they might also have counted on Doris. . . .*)

A Woman's Pocket Book

We are to have a novel cult in the artistic world I am told; one that, though sufficiently obvious, has never become fashionable, yet is capable of great developments. It is the cult of fruit and vegetables—not as palatable, but as beautiful objects—and its exposition, it seems, is undertaken by a woman, with that dainty lightness of touch and suggestion which French women possess. The Comtesse de Noailles has been called a "novelist of fruit"; and her critics contend that she is "the first writer to give the poetry of fruit and vegetables." In her latest book we have "the little wild strawberry, which seems already shrinking with fear"; and the same tenderness of treatment, in comparison, where a convent is referred to as "soft, fresh, fragrant, like the inside of a white melon": while the blue sky is "delicate flesh of some unimaginable fruit." This may seem nonsense, but it is a fact that, in our day, at least, the real beauty of fruit is unappreciated. What flowers are more beautiful than clusters of bright cherries, hanging among their green leaves, or what is fairer than a tree bent beneath its burden of plums, with their delicate purple bloom? It is worse than a pity—it is an omission — that we forget to admire these things merely because we are going to eat them. Yet to those who claim for Mme. de Noailles the *first* interpretation of the poetry of fruits, I must add that this is not quite accurate. Does not the Book of Psalms sweep the whole realm of nature in its ecstasy of praise; and what about the "Song of Solomon"? Truly, there is nothing new under the sun.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

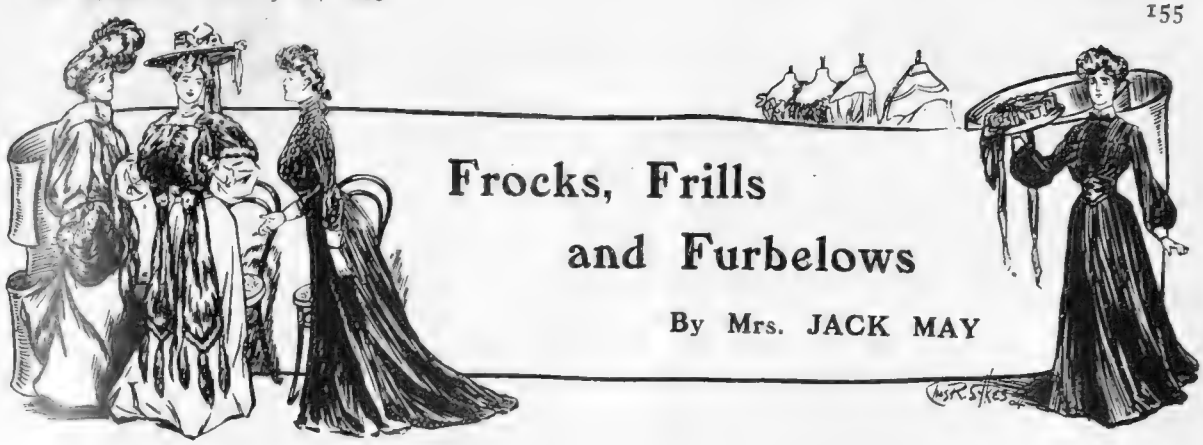
Statue of the late Lord Chief Justice Russell of Killowen

Which was unveiled before a large gathering in the Great Hall of the Law Courts last week by the Lord Chancellor

The ever-interesting problem of women's employment confronts us again in the lecture recently given by Miss Edith Bradley, Warden of Lady Warwick College, where the enthusiastic "out-door" girl may obtain such excellent training in agriculture. Miss Bradley spoke hopefully, dealing with the less arduous branches of the work, and pleading for specialisation as more likely to lead to success. Fifty per cent of the pupils, said the lecturer, who had gone through the full training, were earning their own livelihood; while twenty-four were the proud possessors of farms or market gardens. The course of training in horticulture, dairywork, poultry, and bee-keeping, and fruit bottling and preserving, was dwelt upon. There is something attractive in this work to the healthy, fresh air loving English girl, with the added advantage that she will find her general physique—to say nothing of her natural light-heartedness—improved by such a life.

Speaking of professions for women, the prettiest and most fascinating work I have seen done by feminine hand is that of book-binding. I once had the privilege of inspecting some of the artistic work done by the Guild of Women Binders at their depôt in Charing Cross Road, and I was sorry I never availed myself of the opportunity of going over the bindery at Hampstead, to see the work in actual progress; for it is a real art, and to the book lover an ideal profession. Indeed, when one gazes upon the volumes, one forgets it is work at all, and thinks of it rather as a labour of love and an earnest striving to give sympathetic expression to the spirit of the writers. The training for this work is only a matter of twelve months; and the subsequent employment may be carried on at home, while the outlay for the necessary tools is not considerable. From employment, we slip negligently to hobby. Have any of my readers tried cane-basket making? As a hobby, the cane basket is delightful, requiring merely a few lessons, an intelligible book, a little leisure, and a certain amount of patience. As to the tools, they are of the simplest—sharp penknife, scissors, a knitting pin, and bowl of hot water. Then the worker is at home anywhere, by the fireside or in the garden; in the daylight, or with a lamp during the long winter evenings. The results, after some half-dozen failures, are as useful as they are ornamental.

LADY PHYLLIS.



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

An Unprecedented Plunge

Sallying forth one day last week in quest of more bargains—the attack of sale-fever has been very severe with us this January—we arrived at a certain happy hunting-ground, not far removed from the Kensington centre, to find a sale *extraordinaire* there going strong, and a contemplated further extension of premises, accounting for a steady reduction in prices to the end of the month. In almost less time than it takes me to write it, I had put myself in possession of a teagown; really, I think, the greatest bargain it has ever fallen to my lot to secure. A picturesque Empire affair of mole-coloured velveteen, lined through with soft pale blue silk, and boasting perfectly fascinating *religieuse* sleeves, all gathered up on the under of the arm, and revealing glimpses of *plissé* blue silk linings. There is a dear little yoke of lace, finishing just at the base of the throat, and a deep fichu of lace, the ends of which meander gracefully halfway down the front, while the cost—and, really, it is rather kind of me to proclaim the fact, as there are several more of these gowns to be had—was only £3 12*s.* 6*d.*

We decided, at the same time, it was positively criminal to leave certain very smart squirrel-lined motor-coats at their sale price, the more so as we have private intimation squirrel is going up appreciably in price next year, while before the marked down motor-caps and veils we succumbed hopelessly. Such a choice there was of mauves, browns, dust-resisting fawns, greens, and every denomination of blue

A restaurant corsage of mousseline taffeta

(At Messrs. Charles Lee and Sons, 100, Wigmore Street, W.)

Two charming seasonable hats *(Sketched at Jay's)*

with crêpe-de-Chine veils of equally irresistible order, the sale price of which has been run down to 8*s.* 6*d.*

The millinery sale at Jay's is quite *sans reproche*, some *chic* little *tricorne* toques in felt, after the *genre* of the one illustrated by our artist, coming out very reasonably. These toques are so smart in a sort of chamois-coloured felt, trimmed brown velvet, and a natural bird of paradise plume. Our artist has caught delightfully the light poise now affected with these incidental *chapeaux*, which really constitutes more than half their charm.

The other pretty pictured affair represents a millinery detail that no up-to-date, self-respecting wardrobe can afford to be without. For restaurant wear abroad, especially on the Riviera, this is perhaps the ideal type of headgear, and it is never more

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seductively becoming than when built of soft folds of chiffon, and worn tilted to an artistic angle, with a handsome sweep of black ostrich feather.

Taffeta to be a Leading Fabric Again

For so gracious an opportunity one feels inclined to say, "let us be truly thankful." We hear that, in the spring, we shall be privileged to wear whole suits of taffeta, the word suits being used advisedly to suggest the tailoring atmosphere likely to prevail. Then cloth skirts and taffeta coats have quite an alluring sound, have they not? and the imagination will immediately run away in ravishing reflection over the picturesque Louis coat, although, as I believe we hinted a week or so back, we have every reason to believe in the vogue of the artistic Redingote, not only in black, but those fascinating *changeante* taffetas. A Redingote that resolves itself into a superfluity of close gaugings about the waist, and large double *pouf* sleeves, while the skirt flows away direct from the waist in front, in the light, easy fashion it is alone reserved to taffeta to assume. As the ready substitute for our fur wraps—though these, alas! up to the present, have been largely superfluous—it is impossible to imagine anything more fitting than a silken Redingote.

An Evening Redingote

The title Redingote, moreover, best defines the dearest little semi-fitting sacques of taffeta, which are worn over *simplicité* frocks of chiffon, or lace, in lieu of the conventional teagown. That these are irresistibly Watteau in thought will be immediately surmised, and usually carry, for decorative relief, ruchings of the taffeta, arranged in simple horizontal lines, without any of the twists and fantastic scrollings so prevalent on gowns. It occurs to us, discussing this fancy, that it is open to interesting development. The old evening gown, or one, we will say, lost to its first pristine freshness, being induced to take on a new and attractive lease of life under the kindly alliance of a taffeta sacque.

An American Notion

We met this quite casually, but were immediately impressed by the clever practicability of the idea. It has to do with a silk frilled camisole, frilled, that is to say, above the bend of the figure to afford fulness, and a becoming roundness to a figure disposed to be unduly thin. Beneath a thin silk, satin, or delaine slip, the improvement afforded by this addition is appreciable, and quite natural in effect, and since there is nothing in the very least degree intricate about it, a sewing-maid, or the deft fingers of a potential wearer, can easily manœuvre the affair at home.

A Significant Corsage

This model portrays with peculiar faithfulness the figure to be attained in the near future, while the design hints at the continued prevalence of the high restaurant or theatre bodice, which still masquerades under the title of blouse. For wearing with a long, plain, but very full chiffon velours skirt, or some diaphanous chiffon or ninon affair, the fabricating scheme of this pretty persuasion would be mousseline taffeta, tucked chiffon set within *guirlandes* of fine guipure, and berthe and ruffles of delicate appliqué lace, the little ribbon loops, when required, affording a contrasting note of colour. Myself, I should feel disposed to exploit the whole idea in a tender grey, using chiffon for the skirt and taffeta for the high belt and sleeves, with the grey chiffon again for the tucked yoke, and a very lightly tinted lace. I should, furthermore, beseech the clever presiding genius of the costume department at Messrs. Charles Lee and Sons, Wigmore Street, to materialise the suggestion for me, because the fine workmanship there is always so admirably adapted to the creation of these *tour de force* specimens of sartorial skill.

The Menu

SOME VEGETARIAN RECIPES

WHITE HARICOT PURÉE

Soak ½ lb. of white haricot beans in water for one night, then place them in a saucepan with one quart of water and one onion cut very small. Let them boil for four hours, pass all through a sieve, return to the pan, and add three-quarters of a pint of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Allow the soup to boil, and serve.

SAVOURY OMELETTE

Put into a basin two eggs, a dessertspoonful of water, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of chopped onion, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Whisk all together for a few minutes. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelet pan, and when this is just beginning to smoke, put in the egg mixture. Stir for a few seconds until the egg begins to set, push the mixture into an oval shape on one side of the pan. Cook for a very short while more; then turn over and cook for another minute, until the outside is pale brown. Then turn on to a very hot dish, and serve at once.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ AU PARMESAN

Mix a teaspoonful of flour very smoothly with half a pint of milk, a little salt and pepper; simmer the mixture over the fire, stirring all the time, till it is as thick as melted butter; stir into this about 8 oz. of Parmesan or Cheddar cheese; turn it into a basin, and mix with the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and, just before the soufflé is baked, put them into it, and pour the mixture into a soufflé dish, which should only be half filled. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour.

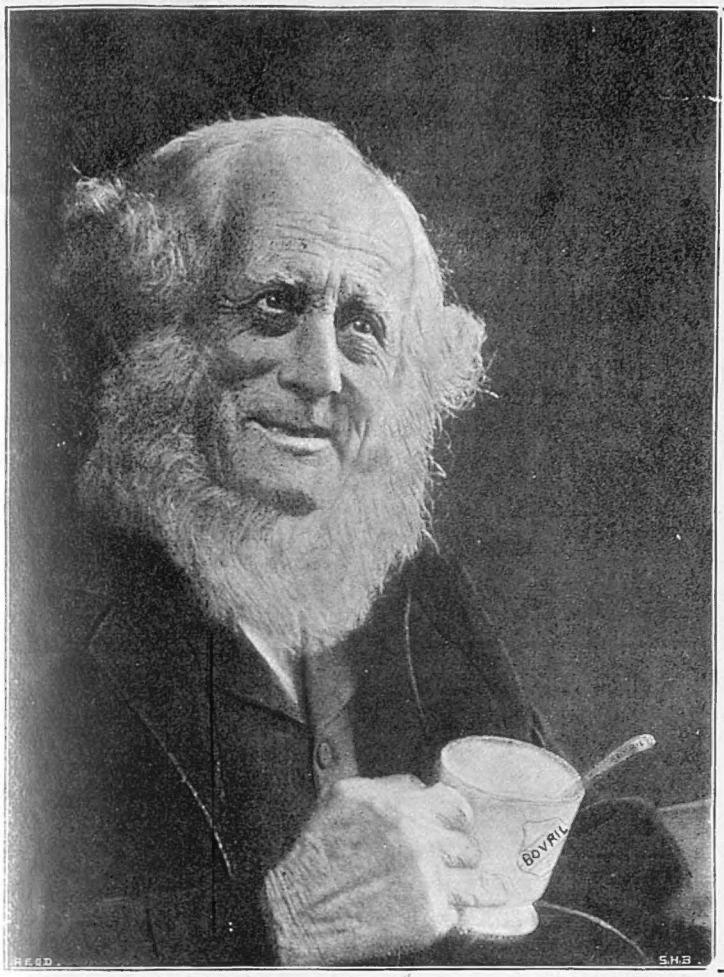
JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES À L'ITALIENNE

Wash and peel the artichokes, shaping them like pears of uniform size. Butter a stewpan with 2 oz. of butter, and arrange the artichokes in circles. Strew over some pepper, salt, and lemon juice; pour a quarter of a pint of good gravy over them, put the lid on, and simmer for half an hour, basting them occasionally. They should colour a deep yellow. Serve with a rich white sauce round them.

MACARONI À LA CONGRESS

Break 6 oz. of macaroni in small pieces, put it in one pint of boiling water, with a little salt, and boil fifteen minutes. Boil two eggs hard, shell them, divide the yolks from the whites, and chop each separately. Cut two tomatoes in thin slices, and cook in the oven on a tin for ten minutes. Make a white sauce with 1 oz. of butter, ¾ oz. of flour, half a teaspoonful of parsley, and half a pint of milk. Put the macaroni on to a dish, then the tomatoes and white of egg, pour over the sauce, and sprinkle the chopped yolk of egg on the top. Serve very hot.

EMILIA.



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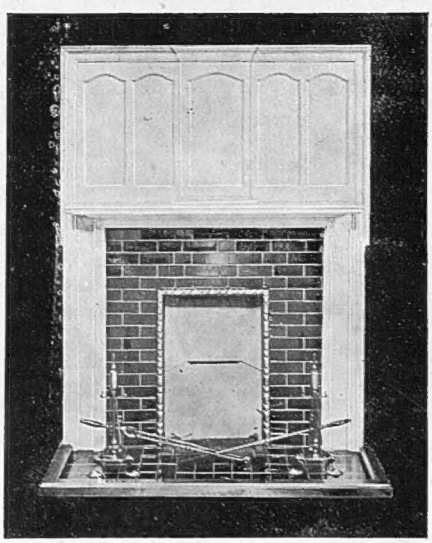

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THE CONNOISSEUR

A Newly Discovered Gem

Photo by Clarke and Hyde

The new gem Kunzite
Set in a diamond pendant

To those who love some new thing the latest discovery in precious stones, Kunzite, will be extremely welcome. It will also be prized by the artistic for its peach-pink colour, its highly dichroic quality, and its brilliancy, and by the scientific for its wonderful property of fluorescence. Upon exposure to the action of the X-rays or radium bromide, the gem-stone becomes phosphorescent, and remains so for some appreciable time after removal. After exposure to the X-rays, it will, if placed in the dark, photograph itself upon a piece of sensitive paper. In respect of this phenomenon of fluorescence, Kunzite is unique among gem-stones.

To be seen to advantage in jewellery of the present-day style, Kunzite must be of a fair size, and should form the centre-piece of, say, a diamond pendant, as in illustration No. 1, for diamonds greatly help the pleasant colour of the new gem, as they have done so many of the old ones. The largest piece of Kunzite that has been cut and set is to be seen in the second illustration, which is, as it were, life-size. The rather unattractive name it bears is, like itself, of American origin. Professor George F. Kunz is president of the New York Mineralogical Club, and it is to him and his colleagues that this gem owes its introduction to the world of precious stones, and it has, therefore, been given the name of its most famous sponsor. At the present time, it is found only in San Diego, California, but its fame has spread far and wide, and its qualities seem likely to place it high in the scale of beautiful and brilliant stones.

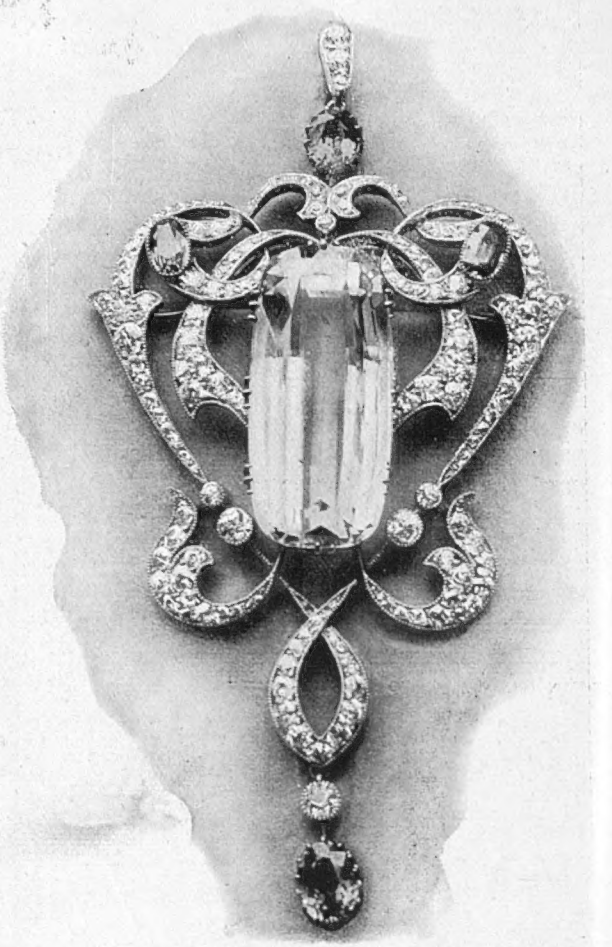
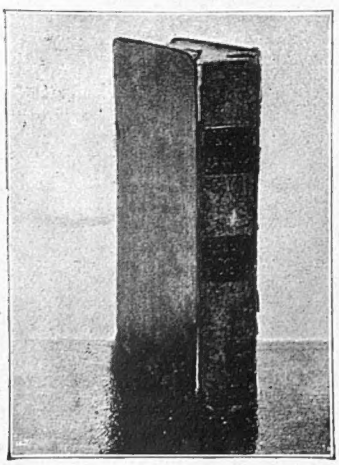


Photo by Clarke and Hyde

The largest ornament in which the new gem Kunzite is used
The photograph gives the actual size of the ornament. The Kunzite alone is worth £100, and the setting of precious stones another £200

THE OLD "DEBRETT" AND THE NEW



An Eighteenth Century "Debrett"
Consisting of a few hundred pages. The old "Debrett," interesting as it is, compares very unfavourably with the latest edition of 2,336 pages

To compare one of the valuable volumes of the eighteenth century, now in the possession of the publishers (Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., 160A, Fleet Street, E.C.), issued in 1784, and bearing the name of J. Debrett, with a copy of the present edition of this work — "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" (Royal Edition)—to give it its full title — is most interesting and instructive, as it shows at once by comparison, in a way "Debrett" alone is able to do, how considerable has been the increase, within recent years, in the number of those bearing hereditary, personal, or courtesy titles.

On the one hand, we have a book of a few hundred sparsely filled leaves, giving a bare recital in narrative form of names and dates, from which it is most difficult to gather—except by the initiated—who or who is not the bearer of a courtesy title, while to ascertain a coat of arms, some two or three references have to be made, and in but few cases are addresses given for anyone but the head of the family.

On the other hand, in the new edition of "Debrett," now issued, for 1905, we have 2,336 pages, closely filled with names, facts, titles, addresses, clubs, and a thousand and one varied details regarding, not only the heads of families, but of all the living issue and collateral branches of Peers and Baronets, biographies of Bishops, Bishops Suffragan, Privy Councillors, Knights, Knights' widows, Companions of all the various Orders, and Maltese and Colonial Nobility, as well as Precedency and other lists, Essays on Titles, Orders, etc., Formal Modes of Address, and Indices to the Peerage and Baronetage sections.

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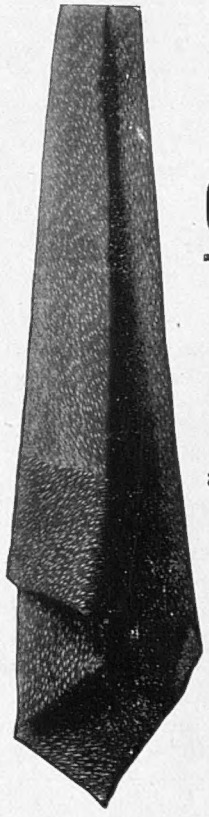

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Modern Art Gallery for Dublin

We, the undersigned Irish writers ask our friends and readers to help us in a most urgent matter. We are most anxious to keep in Ireland the extraordinarily important collection of pictures by modern—chiefly modern French—artists now being exhibited at at the Royal Hibernian Academy, chosen by experts from the Staats-Forbes and Durand-Ruel Collections, and admitted to be the finest representation of modern French art outside Paris. Among the pictures there are twelve paintings by Corot, fourteen by Constable, sixteen drawings by Millet, and many works by Daubigny, Diaz, Troyon, Courbet, Fantin Latour, Whistler, Bastien Lepage, Israels, Mauve, and Maris. There are also two great pictures by Manet, "The Strolling Musician" and the "Portrait of Eva Gonzales," the "Beheading of John the Baptist," by Puvis de Chavannes, considered by him as his masterpiece, and three fine examples of Claude Monet. Should it be impossible to raise the £30,000 or £40,000 necessary to buy all the pictures, we may at least keep some of the best of them, and some thousands of pounds have been already collected in Ireland. Donations for the purchase fund will be gratefully received by any of us—Jane Barlow, S. H. Butcher, Angus W. Gregory, Douglas Hyde, Martin Ross, Edith Œ. Somerville, Emily Lawless, Geo. W. Russell ("A.E."), W. B. Yeats—or by the Hon. Treasurer, Modern Art Gallery, c/o the Hibernian Bank, Dublin.

"Whitaker's Almanac, 1905"

It was with a glow of pleasure that we received a copy of "Whitaker's Almanac" for 1905, with its well-remembered green covers and red back. It called up reminiscences of schooldays when "General Information Tests" were set, and happy was the boy who had recourse to "Whitaker" in those days, even though the copy were ten years old. And "Whitaker" has remained a staunch friend ever since. What is it you want to know, or should know and don't? Just look up "Whitaker's" index, which is put in the proper place for an index to a book of reference—at the beginning of the book—and the page will be indicated on which the information required is to be found. Of course, there are things which are not to be found in "Whitaker," but, then, they don't matter very much to the ordinary mortal. We may mention, while on the subject of "Whitaker," that there are two editions—one at a shilling and the other at half-a-crown. The half-crown copy for this year contains a special supplement of over three hundred pages devoted to information about the Colonies and every foreign country in the world, chapters on their commerce, armies and navies, systems of education, etc., etc., and one of the most useful chapters we know of on "The Political History of the World for 1903-4."

A Handy Peerage Guide

We have also received a compact little Peerage from Messrs. Whitaker. One of its advantages is that it is arranged in alphabetical order, and, although not containing so much information as the larger Peerages, it is handier to consult. Debrett it can never supplant, but for those who do not need the wealth of detail contained in the more complete and larger books on the Peerage it is admirable in every way. It costs 3*s.* 6*d.* in cloth and 5*s.* in leather.

A Rumour Denied

We have received the following letter from Messrs. Mather and Crowther, the well-known advertising contractors, and publish it herewith for the benefit of all those whom it may concern:

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

DEAR SIR,—In view of a rumour which is being circulated to the effect that a certain firm of publishers has a financial interest in this Company, will you allow us to state, through your columns, that all the shares have been, and are, held exclusively by the Directors, and no other person, firm, or Company has, or ever had, any interest, financially or otherwise, in this business or the management of it.

Yours faithfully,

MATHER AND CROWTHER, LTD.

A Good Guide to Cairo and the Nile

Any guide-book with which the name of Mr. E. A. Reynolds-Ball is associated is bound to be the best on the subject, not only because of the pleasant, discursive strain in which it is written, but also because it is practically exhaustive of its subject. It is not only the great show places and their history one wants to know about, but how to reach them as inexpensively, yet as comfortably as possible; what one should do with one's luggage; all about the cab fares, railway fares, tips, and a hundred minor incidents of travel, which, unless the traveller knows how to meet them, prove trying, not only to the temper, but alike to the purse. All these things Mr. Reynolds-Ball takes in hand and simplifies, until, instead of going forward with the usual instinctive dread of these bugbears of travelling, one looks forward to them as part of the fun. Mr. Ball's new guide to Cairo, entitled, "Cairo of To-Day" (A. and C. Black: 2*s.* 6*d.*), contains interesting maps and illustrations, and an instructive and original contribution called "What to Omit." Nothing could be more complete than this.

Our Supplement

This week we present our readers with another charming coloured supplement, entitled, "Two Rosebuds." As with our previous supplements, this one may be obtained, tastefully mounted and framed, at the low price of half-a-crown.

Australian Wines are Popular

The imports of Australian wine into this country, according to statistics furnished by Messrs. P. B. Burgoyne and Co., for the twelve months ending December 31, 1904, are 643,173 gallons, as against 572,666 gallons in the corresponding period of last year, an increase of 70,507 gallons. The total decrease in the imports of wines from other countries is 2,408,833 gallons.

PIANOS.

WM. WHITELEY, Ltd., beg to announce that their—

New French Model Pianette is now ready.
A Sweet Toned Instrument. Iron Frame.
Check Action. 7 Octaves. Guaranteed.

PRICE £16 16s. FOR CASH.

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Largest and Finest Stock in London.

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'Bus to Royal Oak. Tube to Queen's Road.
Telephones: 4013 Paddington.

PURE TOBACCO!

"Have you ever stopped to think of the unhealthy microbes that "live in your mouth? Naturally, you are like many others and "have not given it a thought, but they are there! It is well known "that these minute creatures live on one another. The healthy "killing the unhealthy. It is your duty to breed healthy microbes "if you wish to keep in good health, and this can be done by taking "and using pure articles of commerce."

"LUNTIN MIXTURE"

is one of them. The use of a pure tobacco confers comparative immunity from pulmonary diseases and kills unhealthy microbes. Smoking is now advised by some doctors as part treatment of consumption. Send for our booklet, "Why Luntin?"

This rich Tobacco is sold in two strengths—Mild and Medium, 2oz. pkts., 1s.; and ¼l. tins, 2s., at all high-class Tobacconists. Sample 2oz. pkt., 1s. 1d.; or ½lb. tin, 2s. 2d., sent post free, from the Sole Manufacturers—

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH,

Or from FOYLE & SON, 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C.